THE

Rival Queens,

OR, THE DEATH OF

ALEXANDER

THE GREAT.

ACTED AT THE

Theatre-Royal,

BY THEIR

MAJESTIES SERVANTS.

By *NAT. LEE*, Gent.

——Naturâ ſublimis & acer,
Nam ſpirat tragicum ſatis, & feliciter audet.
Horat. Epiſt. ad Aug.

The Second Edition.

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To the Right Honourable, JOHN, Earl of *MULGRAVE*, Gentleman of his Majesties Bed-Chamber, and *Knight* of the most Noble *ORDER* of the *GARTER*.

My Lord,

WHEN I hear by many Persons, not indifferent Judges, how Poets are censur'd most, even where they most intend to please; and sometimes by those to whom they address, condemn'd for Flatterers, Sycophants, little fawning Wretches, I confess of all Undertakings there is none more dreadful to me, than a Dedication. So nicely cruel are our Judges, that after a Play has been generally applauded on the Stage, the Industrious malice of some after Observers shall damn it for an Epistle or a Preface. For this Reason, my Lord, Alexander was more to seek for a Patron in my troubled thoughts, than for the Temple of Jupiter Ammon in the spreading Wilds, and rowling Sands. 'Tis certain too, he must have been lost, had not Fortune, whom I must once, at least, acknowledge kind in my Life, presented me to your Lordship: You were pleas'd, my Lord, to read it over, *Act* by *Act*; and by particular praises, proceeding from the sweetness, rather than the justice of your temper, lifted me up from my natural Melancholy, and Diffidence, to a bold belief, that what so great an Understanding warranted, could not fail of Success. And here I were most ungrateful, if I shou'd not satisfie the judging World of the Surprize I was in. Pardon me, my Lord, for calling a Surprize, when I was first honoured by waiting upon your Lordship: So much unexpected, and indeed, unusual affability from Persons of your Birth, and Quality; so true an easiness, such Frankness without affectation, I never saw. Your constant, but few Friends, show the firmness of your Mind, which never varies, so God-like a Virtue, that a Prince puts off his Majesty, when he parts with Resolution. In all the happy times, that I attended you, unless business, or accident, interpos'd, I have observ'd your Company to be the same. You have Travell'd through all tempers, Sail'd through all humours of the Courts unconstant Sea, you have gain'd the gallant Prizes, which you sought, you selected unvaluable Friends: And I am perfectly perswaded, if you traffick but seldom abroad, 'tis for fear of splitting upon Knaves or Fools. Nor is it Pride, but rather a Delicacy of your Soul, that makes you shun the sordid part of the World, the Lees and Dregs of it, while in the noblest Retirement you enjoy the finer Spirits, and have that just Greatness to be above the baser. How commendable therefore is such Reservation! How admirable such a Solitude! If you are singular in this, we ought to blame the wild, unthinking, dissolute Age; an Age whose business is senseless Riot, Neronian Gambols, and ridiculous Debauchery; an Age that can produce few Persons besides your Lordship, who dare be alone. All our hot hours burnt in Night-Revels, or drown'd in Day-dead-sleep; or if we wake, 'tis a point of reeling Honour jogs us to the Field, where, if we live, or dye, we are not concern'd; for, the Soul was laid out before we went abroad, and our Bodies were after acted by meer Animal Spirits, without Reason. When I more narrowly contemplate your Person, methinks I see in your Lordship two of the most famous Characters, that ever Ancient, or Modern Story cou'd produce; the mighty Scipio, and the Retir'd Cowley. You have certainly the Gravity, Temperance, and Judgment, as well as the Courage of the first; all which, in your early attempts of War, gave the noblest dawn of Virtue; and will,

when Occaſion preſents, anſwer our expectation, and ſhine forth at full. Then, for the Latter, you poſſeſs all his ſweetneſs of Humour in peace, all that Halcion Tranquility of Mind, where your deep Thoughts glide, like ſilent Waters, without a Wrincle, your Hours move with ſofteſt Wings, and rarely any Larum ſtrikes to diſcompoſe you. You have the Philoſophy of the the firſt; and which, I confeſs, of all your Qualities, I love moſt, the Poetry of the latter, I was never more mov'd at Virgil's Dido, *than at a ſhort Poem of your Lordſhip's; where nothing but the ſhortneſs can be diſlik'd. As our Church-Men wiſh there were more Noble-Men of their Function, ſo wiſh I, in the behalf of depreſt Poetry, that there were more Poets of your Lordſhip's Excellence and Eminence. If Poetry be a Vertue, ſhe is a ragged one; and never, in any Age, went barer than now. It may be objected, ſhe never deſerved leſs. To that I muſt not anſwer; but I am ſure, when ſhe merited moſt, ſhe was always diſſatisfied, or ſhe would not have forſaken the moſt ſplendid Courts in the World.* Virgil *and* Horace *Favourites of the mightieſt Emperour, retir'd from him, preferring a Miſtreſs, or a white Boy, and two or three chearful drinking Friends in a Country Village, to all the Magnificence of* Rome: *Or if ſometimes they were ſnatch'd from their cooler pleaſures to an Emperial Banquet, we may ſee by their Verſes in praiſe of a Countrey Life, 'twas againſt their Inclination; witneſs* Horace *in his* Epod. Beatus ille qui procul, *&c. part of his ſixth* Satyr, *his Epiſtle to* Fuſc. Ariſt. Virgil's Georgic, O Fortunatos nimium bona ſi, *&c. All rendred by Mr.* Cowley, *ſo Copiouſly and Naturally, as no Age gone before, or coming after, ſhall equal, though all Heads joyn'd together to out-do him. I ſpeak not of his exactneſs to a line, but of the whole. This then may be ſaid, as to the condition of Poets in all times, few ever arriv'd to a middle Fortune, moſt have liv'd at the loweſt, none ever mounted to the higheſt; neither by Birth, for none was ever born a Prince, as no Prince, to my remembrance, was ever born a Poet; nor by Induſtry, becauſe they were always too much tranſported by their own thoughts, from minding the grave buſineſs of a World, not of their Humour: Whereas even Slaves, the Rubbiſh of the Earth have, by moſt prodigious Fortune, gain'd a Scepter, and with their vile Heads, ſully'd the Glories of a Crown. Praiſe is the greateſt encouragement we Camelions can pretend to, or rather the Manna that keeps Soul and Body together; we devour it as if it were Angels Food, and vainly think we Grow immortal. For my own part, I acknowledge, I never receiv'd a better ſatisfaction from the Applauſe of an Audience, than I have from your ſingle Judgment. You gaze at Beauties, and wink at Blemiſhes; and do both ſo gracefully, that the firſt diſcovers the acuteneſs of your Judgment, the other the excellency of your Nature. And I can affirm to your Lordſhip, there is nothing tranſports a Poet, next to Love, like commending in the right place. Therefore, my Lord, this Play muſt be yours; and* Alexander, *whom I have rais'd from the dead, comes to you with an aſſurance anſwerable to his Character, and your Virtue. You cannot expect him in his Majeſty of two thouſand years ago, I have only put his Illuſtrious Aſhes in an Urne, which are now offer'd with all Obſervance, to Your Lordſhip, by*

My Lord,

Your Lordſhips moſt humble,
obliged, and devoted Servant.

NAT. LEE.

TO

Mr. Lee *on his* Alexander.

THE Blaſt of common Cenſure Cou'd I fear,
Before your Play my Name ſhou'd not not appear;
For 'twill be thought, and with ſome colour too,
I pay the Bribe I firſt receiv'd from You:
That mutual Vouchers for our Fame we ſtand,
To play the Game into each other's Hand;
And as cheap Pen'orths to our ſelves afford
As *Beſſus* and the Brothers of the Sword.
Such Libels Private Men may well endure,
When *States* and *Kings* themſelves are not ſecure:
For ill Men, conſcious of their inward Guilt,
Think the beſt Actions on By-Ends are built.
And yet my Silence had not ſcap'd their ſpight,
Then envy had not ſuffer'd me to write:
For, ſince I cou'd not Ignorance pretend,
Such worth I muſt or envy, or commend.
So many *Candidates* there ſtand for Wit,
A Place in Court is ſcarce ſo hard to get;
In vain they croud each other at the Door;
For ev'n Reverſions are all beg'd before:
Deſert how known ſo e're, is long Delay'd;
And, Then too, *Fools* and *Knaves* are better payd.
Yet, as ſome Actions bear ſo great a Name,
That Courts themſelves are juſt, for fear of ſhame:
So has the mighty Merit of your Play
Extorted Praiſe, and forc'd it ſelf a Way.
'Tis here, as 'tis at Sea; who fartheſt goes,
Or dares the moſt, makes all the reſt his Foes;
Yet when ſome Virtue much out-grows the reſt,
It ſhoots too faſt, and high to be expreſt;
As his Heroic worth ſtruck Envy dumb
Who took the *Dutchman*, and who cut the *Boom*:
Such praiſe is yours, while you the Paſſions move,
That 'tis no longer feign'd; 'tis real Love:
Where Nature Triumphs over wretched Art;
We only warm the Head, but you the Heart.

Always

Always you warm! and if the riſing Year,
As in hot *Regions*, bring the Sun too near,
'Tis but to make your fragrant Spices blow,
Which in our colder Climates will not grow.
They only think you animate your Theme
With too much Fire, who are themſelves all *Phle'me*;
Prizes wou'd be for Lags of ſloweſt pace,
Were Cripples made the Judges of the Race.
Deſpiſe thoſe Drones, who praiſe while they accuſe
The too much Vigour of your Youthful Muſe:
That humble Stile which they their Virtue make
Is in your pow'r; you need but ſtoop and take.
Your beauteous Images muſt be allow'd
By all, but ſome vile Poets of the Crowd;
But how ſhou'd any Sign-poſt-dawber know
The worth of *Titian* or of *Angelo*?
Hard Features every Bungler can command;
To draw true Beauty, ſhews a Maſter's Hand.

JOHN DRYDEN.

Dramatis

Dramatis Perſonæ.

MEN	BY
Alexander the Great	Mr. *Hart.*
Clytus, Maſter of his Horſe.	Mr. *Mohun.*
Lyſimachus, Prince of the Blood.	Mr. *Griffin.*
Hepheſtion, *Alexander*'s Favourite.	Mr. *Clark.*
Caſſander, Son of *Antipater*.	Mr. *Kenaſton*, }
Polyperchon, *Commander* of the *Phalanx*	Mr. *Goodman*, } Conſpirators.
Philip, Brother to *Caſſander*.	Mr. *Powel*, }
Theſſalus, the *Median*.	Mr. *Wiltſhire*. }
Perdiccas, }	Mr. *Lydal.*
Eumenes, } Great Commanders.	Mr. *Watſon.*
Meleager, }	Mr. *Perin.*
Ariſtander, a Southſayer.	Mr. *Coyſh.*

WOMEN.	BY
Syſigambis, Mother of the Royal Family.	Mrs. *Corey.*
Statira, Daughter of *Darius*, Married to *Alexander*.	Mrs. *Boutel.*
Roxana, Daughter of *Cohortanus*, firſt Wife of *Alexander*.	Mrs. *Marſhal.*
Pariſatis, Siſter to *Statira*, in Love with *Lyſimachus*.	Mrs. *Baker.*

Attendants.
Slaves.
Ghoſt.
Dancers.
Guards.

SCENE, *Babylon.*

PROLOGUE

PROLOGUE to *Alexander.*

Written by Sir *Char. Scroop* Baronet.

HOW hard the Fate is of the Scribling Drudge,
Woo writes to all; when yet ſo few can judge!
Wit, like Religion, once Divine was thought;
And the dull Crowd believ'd as they were taught:
Now each Fanatick Fooll preſumes t'explain
The Text, and does the ſacred Writ prophane:
For, While you Wits *each others Fall purſue,*
The Fops uſurp the Power belongs to you.
You think y'are challeng'd in each New Play-Bill,
And here you come for tryal of your Skill;
Where Fencer like, you one another hurt,
While with your wounds, you make the Rabble ſport.
Others there are that have the brutal will
To murder a poor Play, but want the Skill.
They love to fight, but ſeldom have the wit
To ſpy the place where they may thruſt and hit;
And therefore, like ſome Bully *of the Town,*
Ne're ſtand to draw, but knock the Poet Down.
With theſe, like Hogs in Gardens it ſucceds,
They root up all, and know not Flowers from Weeds.
As for you, Sparks, that hither come each day,
To act your own, and not to mind our Play;
Rehearſe your uſual Follies to the Pit,
And with loud Nonſenſe drown the Stages Wit:
Talk of your Cloaths, your laſt Debauches tell,
And witty Bargains to each other ſell;
Gloat on the ſilly She, who for your ſake
Can Vanity and Noiſe for Love miſtake;
'Till the Cocquet ſung in the Next Lampoon,
Is by her jealous Friends ſent out of Town.
For, in this Duelling, Intriguing Age,
The Love you make is like the War you wage;
Y' are ſtill prevented e're you come t'ingage.
But 'tis not to ſuch triflſing Foes as you,
The Mighty Alexander *daigns to ſue;*
You Perſians *of the Pit he does deſpiſe,*
But to the Men of Senſe, for Aid *he flies;*
On their experienc'd Arms he now depends,
Nor ſeems the odds, if they but prove his Friends;
For as he once a little handful choſe,
The Numerous Armies of the World t' oppoſe,
So backt by you, who underſtand the Rules,
He hopes to rout the Mighty Hoſt of Fools.

THE

THE

Rival Queens;

OR,

ALEXANDER THE GREAT.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Enter Hepheſtion, Lyſimachus *fighting*, Clytus *parting them.*

Cly. WHAT, are you Mad-men! ha—Put up, I ſay—
Then, miſchief in the boſoms of ye both.
Lyſ. I have his Sword.
Cly. But muſt not have his Life.
Lyſ. Muſt not, Old *Clytus*?
Cly. Mad *Lyſimachus*, you muſt not.
Heph. Coward Fleſh! O feeble Arm,
He dallied with my Point, and when I thruſt,
He frown'd and ſmil'd, and foil'd me like a Fencer.
O Reverend *Clytus*! Father of the War;
Moſt famous Guard of *Alexander's* Life,
Take pity on my Youth, and lend a Sword:
Lyſimachus is brave, and will not ſcorn me;
Kill me, or let me fight with him again.
Lyſ. There, take thy Sword; and ſince thou art reſolv'd
For death, thou haſt the nobleſt from my hand.
Cly. Stay thee, *Lyſimachus*, *Hepheſtion*, hold;
I bar you both, my Body interpos'd.
Now let me ſee which of you dares to ſtrike;
By *Jove* ye've ſtirr'd the Old Man, that raſh Arm
That firſt advances, moves againſt the Gods,
Againſt the wrath of *Clytus* and the Will
Of our great King, whoſe Deputy I ſtand.

Lyſ. Well, I ſhall take another time.
Heph. And I.
Cly. 'Tis falſe;
Another time, what time? what fooliſh hour?
No time ſhall ſee a brave Man do amiſs.
And what's the noble Cauſe that makes this madneſs?
What big *Ambition* blows this dangerous Fire?
A *Cupid*'s Puff, is it not Woman's Breath?
By all our Triumphs in the heat of Youth,
When Towns were ſack'd, and Beauties proſtrate lay,
When my Blood boyl'd, and Nature work't me high,
Clytus ne'er bow'd his body to ſuch ſhame:
The brave will ſcorn their Cobweb Arts—— The Souls
Of all that whining, ſmiling, coz'ning Sex
Weigh not one thought of any Man of War.
Lyſ. I confeſs our Vengeance was ill-tim'd.
Cly. Death! I had rather this right Arm were loſt,
To which I owe my Glory, than our King
Should know your Fault——what, on this famous day!
Heph. I was to blame.
Cly. This memorable day,
When our hot Maſter, that wou'd tire the World,
Outride the lab'ring Sun, and tread the Stars,
When he inclin'd to Reſt, comes peaceful on,
Liſt'ning to Songs: while all his Trumpets ſleep,
And plays with Monarchs whom he us'd to drive;
Shall we begin Diſorders, make new Broyls?
We that have temper learnt, ſhall we awake
Huſh't *Mars*, the Lion, that had left to roar?
Lyſ. 'Tis true, Old *Clytus* is an *Oracle*.
Put up, *Hepheſtion*——did not Paſſion blind
My Reaſon, I on ſuch occaſion too
Could thus have urg'd.
Heph. Why is it then we love?
Cly. Becauſe unmann'd.——
Why is not *Alexander* grown Example?
O that a Face ſhou'd thus bewitch a Soul,
And ruine all that's right and reaſonable.
Talk be my bane, yet the Old Man muſt talk:
Not ſo he lov'd when he at *Iſſus* fought;
And joyn'd in mighty Duel great *Darius*,
Whom from his Chariot flaming all with Gems
He hurl'd to Earth, and cruſh'd th' Imperial Crown,
Nor cou'd the Gods defend their Images,
Which with the gaudy Coach lay overturn'd:
'Twas not the Shaft of Love that did the feat,
Cupid had nothing there to do, but now
Two Wives he takes, two Rival Queens diſturb

The Court; and while each hand do's Beauty hold,
Where is there room for glory?
Heph. In his Heart.
Cly. well ſaid,
You are his favourite, and I had forgot
Who I was talking to: See *Siſigambis* comes
Reading a Letter to your Princeſs; go,
Now make your claim, while I attend the King. [*Exit.*

Enter Syſigambis, Pariſatis.

Par. Did not you love my Father? Yes, I ſee
You did, his very Name but mention'd brings
The tears howe're unwilling to your Eyes.
I lov'd him too, he would not thus have forc'd
My trembling heart, which your commands may break,
But never bend.
Syſ. Forbear thy loſt Complaints,
Urge not a Suit which I can never grant.
Behold the Royal Signet of the King,
Therefore reſolve to be *Hepheſtion's* Wife.
Par. No, ſince *Lyſimachus* has won my heart,
My body ſhall be Aſhes, e're anothers.
Syſ. For ſixty rowling years who ever ſtood
The ſhock of State ſo unconcern'd as I?
This whom I thought to Govern being young,
Heav'n, as a Plague to Power, has render'd ſtrong;
Judge my diſtreſſes, and my temper prize;
Who, though unfortunate, wou'd ſtill be wiſe.
Lyſ. To let you know that Miſery do's ſway [*Both kneel.*
An humbler Fate than yours, ſee at your Feet
The loſt *Lyſimachus*: O mighty Queen
I have but this to beg, impartial ſtand;
And ſince *Hepheſtion* ſerves by your permiſſion,
Diſdain not me who ask your Royal leave
To caſt a throbbing heart before her feet.
Heph. A Bleſſing like poſſeſſion of the Princeſs,
No Services, not Crowns, nor all the blood
That circles in our Bodies can deſerve,
Therefore I take all helps, much more the King's;
And what your Majeſty vouchſaf'd to give,
Your word is paſt, where all my hopes muſt hang.
Lyſ. There periſh too——all words want ſenſe in Love;
But Love and I bring ſuch a perfect Paſſion,
So nobly pure, 'tis worthy of her Eyes,
Which without bluſhing ſhe may juſtly prize.
Heph. Such arrogance, ſhould *Alexander* woo?,

Wou'd loſe him all the Conqueſt he has won.
Lyſ. Let not a Conqueſt once be nam'd by you,
Who this Diſpute muſt to my mercy own.
Syſ. Riſe brave *Lyſimachus*, *Hepheſtion* riſe,
'Tis true *Hepheſtion* firſt declar'd his Love;
And 'tis as true, I promis'd him my aid!
Your glorious King turn'd mighty Advocate,
How noble therefore were the Victory,
If we could vanquiſh this diſordered Love?
Heph. 'Twill never be.
Lyſ. No, I will yet love on,
And hear from *Alexander*'s mouth, in what
Hepheſtion merits more than I.
Syſ. I grieve,
And fear the boldneſs which your Love inſpires;
But leſt her ſight ſhould haſte your Enterprize,
'Tis juſt I take the Object from your Eyes. [*Exeunt* Syſ. Par.
Lyſ. She's gone, and ſee the day, as if her look
Had kindled it, is loſt, now ſhe is vaniſhed.
Heph. A ſudden gloomineſs and horrour comes
About me.
Lyſ. Let's away to meet the King,
You know my ſuit.
Heph. Yonder *Caſſander* comes,
He may inform us.
Lyſ. No, I wou'd avoid him,
There's ſomething in that buſie Face of his
That ſhocks my Nature.
Heph. Where and what you pleaſe. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Caſſander.

Caſſ. The Morning riſes black, the lowring Sun,
As if the dreadful buſineſs he foreknew,
Drives heavily his ſable Chariot on:
The Face of Day now bluſhes Scarlet deep,
As if it fear'd the ſtroke which I intend,
Like that of *Jupiter*———Lightning and Thunder:
The Lords above are angry, and talk big,
Or rather walk the mighty Cirque like Mourners
Clad in long Clouds, the Robes of thickeſt Night,
And ſeem to groan for *Alexander*'s Fall;
'Tis as *Caſſander's* Soul could wiſh it were,
Which whenſoe're it flies at lofty miſchief
Wou'd ſtartle Fate, and make all Heav'n concern'd.
A mad *Chaldæan* in the dead of Night
Came to my Bed-Side with a flaming Torch;

And

And bellowing o're me like a Spirit damn'd,
He cry'd, Well had it been for *Babylon*
If curs'd *Caſſander* never had been born.

Enter Theſſalus, Philip, *with Letters.*

Theſſ. My Lord *Caſſander* !
Caſſ. Ha ! who's there ?
Phil. Your Friends.
Caſſ. Welcome dear *Theſſalus* and Brother *Philip*.
Papers——with what Contents ?
Phil. From *Macedon*,
A truſty ſlave arriv'd ——great *Antipater*
Writes that your Mother labour'd with you long,
Your Birth was ſlow, and ſlow is all your Life.
Caſſ. He writes, diſpatch the King——*Craterus* comes,
Who in my room muſt Govern *Macedon* ;
Let him not live a day——he dies to night ;
And thus my Father but foreſtals my purpoſe ;
Why, am I ſlow then ? if I rode on Thunder
I muſt a moment have to fall from Heaven,
E're I could blaſt the growth of this *Coloſſus*.
Theſſ. The haughty *Polyperchon* comes this way,
A Male-content, one whom I lately wrought,
That for a ſlight affront, at *Suſa* giv'n,
Bears *Alexander* moſt pernicious hate.
Caſſ. So when I mock'd the *Perſians* that ador'd him,
He ſtruck me on the Face, and by the Hair
He ſwung me to his Guards to be chaſtis'd ;
For which, and for my Father's weighty Cauſe,
When I abandon what I have reſolv'd,
May I again be beaten like a Slave.
But lo, where *Polyperchon* comes, now fire him [*Enter* Polyperchon.
With ſuch Complaints, that he may ſhoot to ruine.
Pol. Sure I have found thoſe Friends dare ſecond me ;
I hear freſh murmurs as I paſs along,
Yet rather than put up, I'll do't alone.
Did not *Pauſanias*, a Youth, a Stripling,
A beardleſs Boy ſwell'd with inglorious wrong,
For a leſs Cauſe his Father *Philip* kill ?
Peace then full Heart ! move like a Cloud about,
And when time ripens thee to break, O ſhed
The ſtock of all thy Poys'n on his head.
Caſſ. All Nations bow their heads with homage down,
And kiſs the feet of this exalted man ?
The Name, the Shout, the Blaſt from every Mouth
Is *Alexander* : *Alexander* burſts
Your Cheeks, and with a Crack ſo loud

It drowns the Voice of Heaven, like Dogs ye fawn,
The Earth's Commanders fawn, and follow him;
Mankind ſtarts up to hear his Blaſphemy,
And if this Hunter of this Barbarous World
But wind himſelf a God, you ecchoe him
With univerſal Cry.

Pol. I ecchoe him?
I fawn, or fall like a fat Eaſtern Slave
And lick his feet? Boys hoot me from the Palace
To haunt ſome Cloiſter with my ſenſeleſs walk,
When thus the noble Soul of *Polyperchon*
Lets go the aim of all his actions, Honour.

Theſ. The King ſhall flay me, cut me up alive,
Ply me with Fire and Scourges, rack me worſe
Than once he did *Philotas*, e're I bow.

Caſſ. Curſe on thy Tongue for mentioning *Philotas*,
I had rather thou hadſt *Ariſtander* been;
And to my Soul's Confuſion rais'd up Hell
With all the Furies brooding upon horrours,
Than brought *Philotas's* Murder to remembrance.

Phil. I ſaw him rack'd, a ſight ſo diſmal ſad
My Eyes did ne're behold.

Caſſ. So diſmal! Peace,
It is unutterable; let me ſtand
And think upon the Tragedy you ſaw:
By *Mars* it comes, ay now the Rack's ſet forth,
Bloody *Craterus* his inveterate Foe,
With pitileſs *Hepheſtion* ſtanding by:
Philotas, like an Angel ſeiz'd by Fiends,
Is ſtraight diſrob'd, a Napkin ties his head,
His Warlike *Arms* with ſhameful Cords are bound,
And every Slave can now the valiant wound.

Pol. Now by the Soul of Royal *Philip* fled
I dare pronounce young *Alexander*, who
Wou'd be a God, is cruel as a Devil.

Caſſ. Oh, *Polyperchon*, *Philip*, *Theſſalus*,
Did not your Eyes rain Blood? your Spirits burſt,
To ſee your noble Fellow-Souldier burn,
Yet without trembling, or a tear endure
The torments of the damn'd? O *Barbarians*,
Cou'd you ſtand by, and yet refuſe to ſuffer?
Ye ſaw him bruis'd, torn, to the Bones made bare;
His Veins wide lanced, and the poor quivering fleſh
With Pincers from his manly Boſom ript,
Till ye diſcover'd the great Heart lye panting.

Pol. Why kill'd we not the King to ſave *Philotas*?

Caſſ. Aſſes! Fools! but Aſſes will bray, and Fools be angry,

Why

Why ſtood ye then like Statues? there's the caſe,
The horrour of the ſight had turn'd ye Marble.
So the pale *Trojans* from their weeping Walls
Saw the dear body of the God-like *Hector*,
Bloody and ſoil'd, dragg'd on the famous ground,
Yet ſenſeleſs ſtood, nor with drawn weapons ran
To ſave the great Remains of that prodigious man.
Phil. Wretched *Philotas*! bloody *Alexander*!
Theſſ. Soon after him the great *Parmenio* fell,
Stabb'd in his Orchard by the Tyrant's doom;
But where's the need to mention publick loſs,
When each receives particular diſgrace?
Pol. Late I remember to a Banquet call'd,
After *Alcides* Goblet ſwift had gone
The giddy round, and Wine had made me bold,
Stirring the Spirits up to talk with Kings,
I ſaw *Craterus* with *Hepheſtion* enter
In *Perſian* Robes, to *Alexander*'s health
They largely drunk, then turning Eſtward fell
Flat on the Pavement, and ador'd the *Sun*,
Straight to the King they ſacred Reverence gave
With ſolemn words, O Son of Thundring *Jove*,
Young *Ammon* live for ever, then kiſs't the ground:
I laugh'd aloud, and ſcoffing ask'd 'em why
They kiſs'd no harder;——— but the King leapt up,
And ſpurn'd me to the Earth with this reply,
Do thou,———whil'ſt with his foot he preſt my Neck,
'Till from my Ears, my Noſe, and Mouth, the blood
Guſh'd forth, and I lay foaming on the Earth,
For which I wiſh this Dagger in his heart.
Caſſ. There ſpoke the Spirit of *Caliſthenes*.
Remember he's a Man, his Fleſh as ſoft
And penetrable as a Girls: we have ſeen him wounded,
A ſtone has ſtruck him, yet no Thunderbolt:
A Pebble fell'd this *Jupiter* along:
A Sword has cut him, a Javelin pierc'd him,
Water will drown him, Fire burn him,
A Surfeit, nay, a fit of common Sickneſs
Brings this Immortal to the Gate of Death.
Pol. Why ſhou'd we more delay the glorious buſineſs,
Are your hearts firm?
Phil. Hell cannot be more bent
To any ruine, than I to the King's.
Theſſ. And I.
Pol. Behold my hand, and if you doubt my truth,
Tear up my breaſt, and lay my heart upon it.
Caſſ. Joyn then, O worthy, hearty, noble hands,
Fit Inſtruments for ſuch Majeſtick Souls;

Re-

Remember *Hermolaus*, and be hush'd.
Pol. Still, as the bosom of the desart Night,
As fatal Planets, or deep plotting Friends.
Cass. To day he comes from *Babylon* to *Susa*
With proud *Roxana*.
Ha! who's that,——look here.

{ *Enter the Ghost of King* Philip, *shaking a Trunchion at 'em, walks over the Stage.*

Cass. Now by the Gods, or Furies which I ne're
Believ'd,——There's one of them arriv'd to shake us.
What art thou? glaring thing, speak: what the Spirit
Of our King *Philip*, or of *Poliphemus*?
Nay, hurl thy Trunchion, second it with Thunder;
We will abide.——*Thessalus*, saw you nothing?
Thess. Yes, and am more amaz'd than you can be.
Phil. 'Tis said that many Prodigies were seen
This Morn, but none so horrible as this.
Pol. What can you fear? tho the Earth yawn'd so wide
That all the Labours of the Deep were seen,
And *Alexander* stood on the other side,
I'd leap the burning Ditch to give him death,
Or sink my self for ever. Pray, to the business.
Cass. As I was saying, this *Roxana*, whom,
To aggravate my hate to him, I love,
Meeting him as he came Triumphant from
The *Indies*, kept him revelling at *Susa*;
But as I found, a deep repentance since
Turns his affections to the Queen *Statira*,
To whom he swore (before he cou'd espouse her)
That he wou'd never Bed *Roxana* more.
Pol. How did the Persian Queens receive the news
Of his Revolt?
Thess. With grief incredible:
Great *Sisigambis* wept, but the young Queen
Fell dead among her Maids,
Nor cou'd their care
With richest Cordials, for an hour or more,
Recover Life.
Cass. Knowing how much she lov'd,
I hop'd to turn her all into *Medea*;
For when the first gust of her grief was past
I enter'd, and with breath prepar'd did blow
The dying sparks into a towring flame,
Describing the new love he bears *Roxana*,
Conceiving, not unlikely, that the Line
Of dead *Darius* in her Cause might rise.
Is any Panthers, Lionesses rage

So furious, any Torrents fall ſo ſwift
As a wrong'd woman's hate? Thus far it helps
To give him troubles; which perhaps may end him,
And ſet the Court in univerſal Uproar;
But ſee it rip'ns more than I expected,
The Scene works up, kill him, or kill thy ſelf;
So there be miſchief any way, 'tis well:
Now change the Vizor, every one diſperſe,
And with a face of Friendſhip meet the King. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Syſigambis, Statira, Pariſatis, *Attendants.*

Stat. Give me a Knife, a draught of Poyſon, Flames;
Swell heart, break, break thou ſtubborn thing;
Now, by the ſacred Fire, I'll not be held;
Why do ye wiſh me Life, yet ſtifle me
For want of air? pray give me leave to walk.
Syſ. Is there no reverence to my Perſon due?
Darius wou'd have heard me: truſt not rumour.
Stat. No, he hates,
He loaths the Beauties which he has enjoy'd;
O, he is falſe, that great, that glorious Man
Is Tyrant midſt of his triumphant ſpoils,
Is bravely falſe to all the Gods, forſworn;
Yet who would think it? no, it cannot be,
It cannot——What, that dear Proteſting Man!
He that has warm'd my Feet with thouſand ſighs,
Then cool'd 'em with his tears, dy'd on my Knees,
Outwept the Morning with his dewy Eyes,
And groan'd and ſwore the wondring Stars away?
Syſ. No, 'tis impoſſible, believe thy Mother,
That knows him well.
Stat. Away, and let me dye,
O, 'tis my fondneſs, and my eaſie nature
That would excuſe him; but I know he's falſe,
'Tis now the common talk, the news o'th' World,
Falſe to *Statira*, falſe to her that lov'd him.
That lov'd him, cruel Victor as he was,
And took him bath'd all o're in *Perſian* blood;
Kiſs'd the dear cruel Wounds, and waſh'd 'em o're
And o're in Tears,——then bound 'em with my hair,
Laid him all night upon my panting Boſom,
Lull'd like a Child, and huſh'd him with my Songs.
Par. If this be true, ah, who will ever truſt
A Man again?
Stat. A Man! a Man! my *Pariſatis*,
Thus with thy hand held up, thus let me ſwear thee.

By the eternal Body of the *Sun*,
Whose Body, O forgive the Blasphemy,
I lov'd not half so well as the least part
Of my dear precious faithless *Alexander*;
For I will tell thee, and to warn thee of him,
Not the Springs Mouth, nor Breath of Jesamin,
Nor Violets Infant-Sweets, nor opening Buds
Are half so sweet as *Alexander's* Breast;
From every Pore of him a Perfume falls,
He kisses softer than a Southern Wind,
Curls like a Vine, and touches like a God.

Syf. When will thy Spirits rest, these transports cease?

Stat. Will you not give me leave to warn my Sister?
As I was saying, ——but I told his Sweetness,
Then he will talk, good Gods how he will talk!
Even when the Joy he sigh'd for his possest,
He speaks the kindest words, and looks such things,
Vows with so much passion, swears with so much Grace,
That 'tis a kind of Heaven to be deluded by him.

Par. But what was it that you would have me swear?

Stat. Alas, I had forgot, let me walk by
And weep a while, and I shall soon remember.

Syf. Have patience, Child, and give her Liberty;
Passions like Seas will have their Ebbs and Flows;
Yet while I see her thus, not all the Losses
We have receiv'd since *Alexander's* Conquest
Can touch my hardn'd Soul, her Sorrow reigns
Too fully there.

Par. But what if she should kill her self?

Stat. *Roxana* then enjoys my perjur'd Love:
Roxana clasps my Monarch in her Arms;
Doats on my Conqueror, my dear Lord, my King,
Devours my Lips, eats him with hungry Kisses:
She grasps him all, she, the curst happy she.
By Heaven I cannot bear it, 'tis too much; [*Rises.*
I'll dye, or rid me of the burning torture.
I will have Remedy, I will, I will,
Or go distracted; Madness may throw off
The mighty Load, and drown the flaming Passion.
Madam, draw near with all that are in presence,
And listen to the Vow which here I make.

Syf. Take heed, my dear *Statira*, and consider
What desperate Love enforces you to swear.

Stat. Pardon me, for I have considered well;
And here I bid adieu to all Mankind.
Farewell ye Coz'ners of the Easie Sex,
And thou the greatest, falsest *Alexander*;

Fare-

Farewel thou moſt belov'd, thou faithleſs Dear;
If I but mention him, the Tears will fall:
Sure there is not a Letter in his Name,
But is a Charm to melt a Woman's Eyes.
Syſ. Clear up thy Griefs, thy King, thy *Alexander*
Comes on to *Babylon.*
Stat. Why let him come,
Joy of all Eyes but the forlorn *Statira's.*
Syſ. Wilt thou not ſee him?
Stat. By Heaven I never will,
This is my Vow, my ſacred Reſolution;
And when I break it.——— [*Kneels.*
Syſ. Ah, do not ruine all.
Stat. May I again be flatter'd and deluded,
May ſudden death and horrid, come inſtead
Of what I wiſh, and take me unprepar'd.
Syſ. Still kneel, and with the ſame Breath call again
The woful Imprecation thou haſt made.
Stat. No, I will publiſh it through all the Court,
Then in the Bowers of great *Semiramis*
For ever lock my woes from humane view.
Syſ. Yet be perſwaded.
Stat. Never urge me more,
Leſt driven to rage, I ſhould my Life abhor,
And in your preſence put an end to all
The faſt Calamities that round me fall.
Par. O angry Heaven! what have the guiltleſs done?
And where ſhall wretched *Pariſatis* run?
Syſ. Captives in War, our Bodies we reſign'd,
But now made free, Love does our Spirits bind.
Stat. When to my purpos'd Loneneſs I retire,
Your ſight I through the Grates ſhall oft deſire,
And after *Alexander's* Health enquire:
And if this Paſſion cannot be remov'd,
Ask how my Reſolution he approv'd?
How much he loves, how much he is belov'd?
Then when I hear that all things pleaſe him well,
Thank the good Gods, and hide me in my Cell. [*Exeunt.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

Noiſe of Trumpets ſounding far off.

The Scene draws, and diſcovers a Battle of Crows, or Ravens in the Air; an Eagle and a Dragon meet and fight; the Eagle drops down with all the reſt of the Birds, and the Dragon flies away. Souldiers walk off ſhaking their Heads. The Conſpirators come forward.

Caſſ. HE comes, the fatal Glory of the World,
The headlong *Alexander*, with a Guard
Of thronging Crowns comes on to *Babylon*,
Though warn'd, in ſpight of all the Pow'rs above,
Who by theſe Prodigies foretel his Ruine.
Pol. Why all this noiſe, becauſe a King muſt die?
Or do's Heaven fear becauſe he ſway'd the Earth,
His Ghoſt will war with the high Thunderer?
Curſe on the babling Fates that cannot ſee
A great Man tumble, but they muſt be talking.
Caſſ. The Spirit of King *Philip*, in thoſe *Arms*
We ſaw him wear, paſs'd groaning through the Court,
His dreadful Eye-balls rowl'd their horrour upwards;
He wav'd his arms, and ſhook his wondrous head.
I've heard that at the crowing of the Cock
Lions will roar, and Goblings ſteal away;
But this Majeſtick Air ſtalks ſtedfaſt on
Spight of the Morn that calls him from the Eaſt,
Nor minds the op'ning of the Iv'ry Door.
Phil. 'Tis certain, there was never day like this.
Caſſ. Late as I muſing walk't behind the Palace,
I met a monſtrous Child, that with his hands
Held to his face, which ſeem'd all over Eyes,
A Silver Bowl, and wept it full of Blood:
But having ſpy'd me, like a Cocatrice,
He glar'd a while; then with a ſhriek ſo ſhrill
As all the Winds had whiſtled from his Mouth;
He daſh'd me with the Gore he held, and vaniſhed.
Pol. That which befell me, though 'twas horrid, yet
When I conſider, it appears ridiculous;
For, as I paſs'd through a by vacant place,
I met two Women very old and ugly,
That wrung their hands, and howl'd, and beat their breaſts;

And

And cry'd out Poyſon: when I askt the Cauſe,
They took me by the Ears, and with ſtrange force
Held me to the earth, then laugh'd and diſappear'd.
Caſſ. O how I love deſtruction with a Method
Which none diſcern, but thoſe that weave the Plot:
Like Silk-worms we are hid in our own *Weft*,
But we ſhall burſt at laſt through all the Strings;
And when time calls, come forth in a new form;
Not Inſects to be trod, but Dragons wing'd.
Theſſ. The Face of all the Court is ſtrangely alter'd:
There's not a *Perſian* I can meet, but ſtares
As if he were diſtracted. *Oxyartes*,
Statira's Uncle, openly declaim'd
Againſt the Perjury of *Alexander*.
Phil. Others, more fearful, are remov'd to *Suſa*,
Dreading *Roxana's* Rage, who comes i'th' Rear
To *Babylon*.
Caſſ. It glads my riſing Soul
That we ſhall ſee him rack't before he dies:
I know he loves *Statira* more than Life,
And on a Croud of Kings in Triumph born
Comes, big with Expectation, to enjoy her.
But when he hears the Oaths which ſhe has ta'ne,
Her laſt adieu make publick to the World,
Her vow'd divorce, how will remorſe conſume him?
Prey, like the Bird of Hell, upon his Liver?
Pol. To bawk his Longing and delude his Luſt,
Is more than Death, 'tis Earneſt for Damnation.
Caſſ. Then comes *Roxana*, who muſt help our Party;
I know her jealous, bloody, and ambitious.
Sure 'twas the likeneſs of her heart to mine,
And Sympathy of Natures caus'd me love her:
'Tis fixt, I muſt enjoy her, and no way
So proper as to make her guilty firſt.
Pol. To ſee two Rival Queens of different humours,
With a variety of Torment vex him. [*Enter* Lyſ. Heph.
Caſſ. Of that anon; but ſee *Lyſimachus*
And the young Favourite; ſort, ſort your ſelves,
And like to other mercenary Souls
Adore this Mortal God, that ſoon muſt bleed.
Lyſ. Here I will wait the King's approach, and ſtand
His utmoſt anger, if he do me wrong.
Heph. That cannot be, from Power ſo abſolute
And high as his.
Lyſ. Well, you and I have done.
Pol. How the Court thickens! [*Trumpets ſound.*
Caſſ. Nothing to what it will——Does he not come

To

To hear a thousand thousand Embassies,
Which from all Parts to *Babylon* are brought,
As if the Parliament of the whole World
Had met; and he came on a God, to give
The infinite Assembly glorious audience.

Enter Clytus, Aristander *in his Robes, with a Wand.*

Arist. Haste, Reverend *Clytus*, haste, and stop the King.
Cly. He is already entred: then the Press
Of Princes that attend so thick about him
Keep all that wou'd approach at certain distance.
Ar. Though he were hem'd with Deities I'd speak to him,
And turn him back from this high way to Death.
Cly. Here place your self within his Trumpets sound.
Lo, the *Chaldean* Priests appear, behold
The sacred Fire, *Nearchus* and *Eumenes*
With their white Wands, and dress't in Eastern Robes,
To sooth the King, who loves the Persian mode:
But see the Master of the World appears.

Enter Alexander, *all kneel but* Clytus.

Heph. O Son of *Jupiter* live for ever.
Alex. Rise all, and thou my second self; my Love;
O my *Hephestion*, raise thee from the Earth
Up to my Breast, and hide thee in my Heart,
Art thou grown cold? Why hang thine arms at distance?
Hugg me, or else by Heaven thou lov'st me not.
Heph. Not love, my Lord? break not the Heart you fram'd
And moulded up to such an Excellence?
Then stamp'd on it your own Immortal Image.
Not love the King? Such is not Woman's Love,
So fond a Friendship, such a sacred flame,
As I must doubt to find in Breasts above.
Alex. Thou dost, thou lov'st me, Crown of all my Wars,
Thou dearer to me than my Groves of Lawrel,
I know thou lov'st thy *Alexander* more
Than *Clytus* doth the King: no tears, *Hephestion*,
I read thy Passion in thy Manly Eyes;
And glory in those Planets of my Life,
Above the Rival Lights that shine in Heaven.
Lys. I see that Death must wait me, yet I'le on.
Alex. I'le tell thee, Friend, and mark it, all ye Princes,
Though never mortal man arriv'd to such
A height as I, yet I wou'd forfeit all;
Cast all my Purples, and my conquer'd Crowns,

And

And dye to ſave this Darling of my Soul.
Give me thy Hand, ſhare all my Scepters while
I live; and when my hour of Fate is come,
I leave thee, what thou meriteſt more than I, the World.
Lyſ. Dread Sir, I caſt me at your Royal Feet.
Alex. What, my *Lyſimachus*, whoſe Veins are rich
With our Illuſtrious Blood? My Kinſman, riſe,
Is not that *Clytus?*
Clyt. Your old faithful Souldier.
Alex. Come to my hands, thus double Arm the King:
And now methinks I ſtand like the Dread God,
Who while his Prieſts and I quaff'd ſacred Blood,
Acknowleg'd me his Son. My Lightning thou;
And thou my Mighty Thunder,——I have ſeen
Thy glittering Sword outfly Cœleſtial Fire:
And when I cry'd, be gone, and excecute,
I've ſeen him run ſwifter than ſtarting Hinds,
Nor bent the tender Graſs beneath his Feet:
Swifter than Shadows fleeting o'er the Fields,
Nay, even the Winds, with all their Stock of Wings,
Have puff'd behind, as wanting Breath to reach him.
Lyſ. But if your Majeſty ———
Clyt. Who wou'd not loſe
The laſt dear drop of Blood for ſuch a King?
Alex. Witneſs my Elder Brothers of the Skie,
How much I love a Souldier.———O my *Clytus*,
Was it not when we paſs'd the *Granicus*
Thou didſt preſerve me from unequal force?
It was when *Spithridates* and *Rheſaces*,
Fell both upon me with two dreadful ſtroaks,
And clove my temper'd Helmet quite in ſunder;
Then I Remember, then thou didſt me Service:
I think my Thunder ſplit him to the Navel.
Cly. To your great Self you owe that Victory,
And ſure your Arms did never gain a nobler.
Alex. By Heaven they never did, for well thou knoweſt,
And I am prouder to have paſs'd that Stream,
Than that I drove a Million o're the Plain.
Can none remember? Yes I know all muſt,
When Glory, like the Dazling Eagle, ſtood
Perch'd on my Beaver in the Granick Flood;
When Fortune's ſelf my Standard trembling bore,
And the Pale Fates ſtood frighted on the Shore,
When the Immortals on the Billows rode,
And I my ſelf appear'd the Leading God.
Ariſt. But all the Honours which your Youth has won
Are loſt, unleſs you fly from *Babylon*:
Haſte with your *Chiefs*, to *Suſa* take your way,

Fly

Fly for your Life, deſtructive is your ſtay.
This Morning having view'd the angry Skie,
And mark'd the Prodigies that threatned high,
To our bright God I did for Succour fly;
But, Oh——

Alex. What Fears thy Reverend Boſom ſhake?
Or do'ſt thou from ſome Dream of Horrour wake?
If ſo, come graſp me with thy ſhaking Hand,
Or fall behind, while I the danger ſtand.

Ariſt. To *Oroſmades* Cave I did repair,
Where I atton'd the dreadful God with Prayer:
But as I pray'd, I heard long Groans within,
And ſhrieks, as of the Damn'd that howl for Sin:
I knew the *Omen*, and I fear'd to ſtay,
But proſtrate on the trembling Pavement lay:
When he bodes Happineſs, he anſwers mild,
'Twas ſo of old, and the great Image ſmil'd;
But now in abrupt Thunder he reply'd
Loud as Rent Rocks, or roaring Seas he cry'd,
All Empires Crown, Glory of *Babylon*,
Whoſe head ſtands wrapt in Clouds, muſt tumble down.

Alex. If *Babylon* muſt fall, what is't to me?
Or can I help immutable Decree?
Down then vaſt Frame with all thy Lofty Towers,
Since 'tis ſo order'd by Almighty Powers;
Preſs'd by the Fates, unlooſe your golden Bars,
'Tis great to fall the Envy of the Stars.

Enter Perdiccas, Meleager.

Mele. O Horrour!

Perd. Dire Portents!

Alex. Out with 'em then,
What, are ye Ghoſts, ye empty ſhapes of Men?
If ſo, the Myſteries of Hell unfold,
Be all the Scrowls of Deſtiny unrowl'd?
Open the brazen Leaves, and let it come;
Point with a Thunder-bolt your Monarch's Doom.

Perd. As *Meleager* and my ſelf in Field,
Your *Perſian* Horſe about the Army wheel'd:
We heard a noiſe as of a ruſhing Wind,
And a thick ſtorm the Eye of day did blind:
A croaking Noiſe reſounded through the Air,
We look'd and ſaw big Ravens battling there:
Each Bird of Night appear'd himſelf a Cloud,
They met and fought, and their Wounds rain'd black blood.

Mele. All, as for Honour, did their Lives expoſe;
Their Talons claſh'd, and Beaks gave mighty blows, Whil'ſt

Whilſt dreadful ſounds did our ſcar'd ſenſe aſſail,
As of ſmall Thunder, or huge *Scythian* Hail.
Perd. Our Augurs ſhook, when with a horrid groan,
We thought that all the Clouds had tumbl'd down,
Souldiers, and Chiefs, who can the wonder tell
Strook to the ground, promiſcuouſly fell;
While the dark Birds, each pond'rous as a Shield,
For fifty Furlongs hid the fatal Field.
Alex. Be witneſs for me, all ye Powers Divine,
If ye be angry, 'tis no fault of mine;
Therefore let Furies face me with a Band
From Hell, my Virtue ſhall not make a ſtand;
Though all the Curtains of the skie be drawn,
And the Stars wink, young *Ammon* ſhall go on;
While my *Statira* ſhines, I cannot ſtray,
Love lifts his Torch to light me on my way,
And her bright Eyes create another Day.
Lyſ. E're you remove, be pleas'd, dread Sir, to hear
A Prince ally'd to you by Blood.
Alex. Speak quickly.
Lyſ. For all that I have done for you in War,
I beg the Princeſs *Pariſatis.*
Alex. Ha,———
Is not my word already paſt? *Hepheſtion,*
I know he hates thee, but he ſhall not have her;
We heard of this before. ———*Lyſimachus,*
I here command you nouriſh no deſign,
To prejudice my Perſon in the Man
I love, and will prefer to all the World.
Lyſ. I never fail'd to obey your Majeſty,
Whil'ſt you commanded what was in my power,
Nor cou'd *Hepheſtion* fly more ſwift to ſerve,
When you commanded us to ſtorm a Town,
Or fetch a Standard from the Enemy:
But when you charge me not to love the Princeſs,
I muſt confeſs, I diſobey you, as
I wou'd the Gods themſelves, ſhould they command.
Alex. You ſhou'd, brave Sir, hear me, and then be dumb;
When by my order, curſt *Caliſthenes,*
Was as a Traitor doom'd to live in torments:
Your pity ſped him in deſpite of me.
Think not I have forgot your inſolence;
No, though I pardon'd it, yet if again
Thou dare'ſt to croſs me with another Crime,
The Bolts of fury ſhall be doubled on thee.
In the mean time think not of *Pariſatis;*
For if thou do'ſt, by *Jupiter Ammon*

By my own Head, and by King *Philip's* Soul,
I'le not reſpect that Blood of mine thou ſhar'ſt,
But uſe thee as the vileſt *Macedonian.*

Lyſ. I doubted not at firſt but I ſhou'd meet
Your indignation, yet my Soul's reſolv'd,
And I ſhall never quit ſo brave a prize,
While I can draw a Bow, or lift a Sword.

Alex. Againſt my life, ha? was it ſo? how now?
'Tis ſaid that I am raſh, of haſty humour;
But I appeal to the Immortal Gods,
If ever petty poor Provincial Lord
Had temper like to mine? My Slave, whom I
Cou'd tread to Clay, dares utter bloody threats.

Clyt. Contain your ſelf, dread Sir, the noble Prince,
I ſee it in his Countenance, would dye,
To juſtifie his truth, but love makes many faults.

Lyſ. I meant his Minion there ſhould feel my Arm,
Love asks his blood, nor ſhall he live to laugh
At my deſtruction.

Alex. Now be thy own Judge,
I pardon thee for my old *Clytus's* ſake;
But if once more thou mention thy raſh Love,
Or dare'ſt attempt *Hepheſtion's* precious Life,
I'le pour ſuch ſtorms of indignation on thee,
Philotas rack *Caliſthenes* diſgrace,
Shall be delight to what thou ſhalt endure.

Enter Syſigambis, Pariſatis.

Heph. My Lord, the Queen comes to congratulate
Your ſafe arrival.

Alex. O thou the beſt of Women,
Source of my joy, bleſt Parent of my Love.

Syſ. Permit me kneel, and give thoſe adorations
Which from the *Perſian* Family are due:
Have you not rais'd us from our ruines high,
And when no hand cou'd help, nor any Eye
Behold us with a Tear, your's pitied me.
You, like a God, ſnatch'd us from ſorrow's Gulph,
Fixt us in Thrones above our former ſtate.

Par. Which, when a ſoul forgets, advanc't ſo nobly,
May it be drown'd in deeper miſery.

Alex. To meet me thus, was generouſly done;
But ſtill there wants to Crown my happineſs,
Life of my Empire, Treaſure of my Soul!
My dear *Statira*! O that Heavenly Beam,
Warmth of my Brain, and Fire of my heart;

Had

Had she but shot to see me, had she met me,
By this time I had been amongst the Gods:
If any Ecstasie can make a height,
Or any Rapture hurle us to the Heavens.
Clyt. Now, who shall dare to tell him the Queen's Vow?
Alex. How fares my Love? ha,——neither answer me!
Ye raise my wonder, Darkness overwhelm me,
If Royal *Sysigambis* does not weep.
Trembling and horrour, pierce me cold as Ice.
Is she not well? what none, none answer me?
Or is it worse? Keep down ye rising Sighs,
And murmur in the hollow of my Breast:
Run to my Heart, and gather more sad wind;
That when the voice of Fate shall call you forth,
Ye may, at one rush, from the Seat of Life,
Blow the Blood out, and burst me like a Bladder.
Heph. I wou'd relate it, but my courage fails me.
Alex. If she be dead,—That if's impossible;
And let none here affirm it for his Soul:
For he that dares but think so damn'd a Lye,
I'le have his body straight empal'd before me;
And glut my Eyes upon his bleeding Entrails.
Cass. How will this Engine of unruly Passion
Roar, when we have ram'd him to the mouth with Poyson.
Alex. Why stand you all, as you were rooted here,
Like the senseless Trees, while to the stupid Grove
I, like a wounded Lion, groan my griefs,
And none will answer,——what not my *Hephestion?*
If thou hast any love for *Alexander*,
If ever I oblig'd thee by my care,
When my quick sight has watch'd thee in the War;
Or if to see thee bleed I sent forth cryes,
And, like a Mother, wash'd thee with my tears.
If this be true, if I deserve thy Love,
Ease me, and tell the cause of my disaster.
Heph. Your mourning Queen, (which I had told before,
Had you been calm,) has no Disease but Sorrow,
Which was occasion'd first by jealous pangs:
She heard, (for what can scape a watchful Lover?)
That you at *Susa*, breaking all your Vows,
Relaps'd, and, conquer'd by *Roxana*'s Charms,
Gave up your self devoted to her Arms.
Alex. I know that subtile Creature in my Riot,
My Reason gone, seduc'd me to her Bed;
But when I wak'd I shook the *Circe* off,
Though that Enchantress held me by the Arm,
And wept, and gaz'd with all the force of Love;

Nor griev'd I leſs for that which I had done,
Than when at *Thais* ſuit, enrag'd with Wine,
I ſet the fam'd *Perſepolis* on Fire.
Heph. Your Queen *Statira* took it ſo to heart;
That, in the Agony of Love, ſhe ſwore
Never to ſee your Majeſty again;
With dreadful Imprecations ſhe confirm'd
Her Oath, and I much fear that ſhe will keep it.
Alex. Ha! did ſhe ſwear? did that ſweet Creature ſwear?
I'le not believe it, no, ſhe is all ſoftneſs,
All melting, mild, and calm as a rock'd Infant,
Nor can you wake her into cryes; by Heaven,
She is the Child of Love, and ſhe was born in ſmiles.
Par. I, and my weeping Mother, heard her ſwear.
Syſ. And with ſuch fierceneſs ſhe did aggravate
The foulneſs of your fault, that I con'd wiſh
Your Majeſty wou'd blot her from your breaſt.
Alex. Blot her? forget her? hurle her from my boſom
For ever, loſe the Star that gilds my Life,
Guide of my Days, and Goddeſs of my Nights!
No, ſhe ſhall ſtay with me in ſpight of Vows,
My ſoul, and body both are twiſted with her.
The God of Love empties his golden Quiver,
Shoots every Grain of her into my heart;
She is all mine, by Heaven I feel her here
Panting, and warm, the deareſt, O *Statira!*
Syſ. Have patience, Son, and truſt to Heaven and Me;
If my authority, or the remembrance
Of dead *Darius*, or her Mothers Soul
Can work upon her, ſhe again is yours.
Alex. O, Mother help me, help your wounded Son,
And move the Soul of my offended Dear;
But fly, haſte, e're the ſad Proceſſion's made.
Spend not a thought in a Reply——Be gone,
If you wou'd have me live——and *Pariſatis*,
Hang thou about her Knees, waſh 'em with tears:
Nay haſte, the breath of Gods, and Eloquence
Of Angels go along with you——O my heart! [*Exeunt* Syſ. *and.* Par.
Lyſ. Now let your Majeſty, who feel the Torments,
And ſharpeſt Pangs of Love, encourage mine.
Alex. Ha———
Clyt. Are you a Madman? is this a time?
Lyſ. Yes, for I ſee he cannot be unjuſt to me,
Leſt ſomething worſe befall himſelf.
Alex. Why doſt thou tempt me thus, to thy undoing?
Death thou ſhould'ſt have, were it not courted ſo:
But know to thy confuſion, that my word,

Like

Like deſtiny, admits not a reverſe;
Therefore, in Chains thou ſhalt behold the Nuptials
of my *Hepheſtion*,—— Guards take him Priſoner.
Lyſ. I ſhall not eaſily reſign my Sword,
'Till I have dy'd it in my Rivals blood.
Alex. I charge you kill him not, take him alive;
The dignity of Kings is now concern'd,
And I will find a way to tame this Beaſt.
Clyt. Kneel, for I ſee Lightning in his Eyes.
Lyſ. I neither hope nor ask a pardon of him;
But if he ſhou'd reſtore my Sword, I won'd,
With a new violence, run againſt my Rival.
Alex. Sure we, at laſt, ſhall conquer this fierce Lion:
Hence from my ſight, and bear him to a Dungeon:
Perdiccas give this Lion to a Lion;
None ſpeak for him, fly, ſtop his Mouth, away.
Cly. The King's extreamly mov'd.
Eum. I Dare not ſpeak.
Clyt. This comes of Love and Women, 'tis all madneſs;
Yet were I heated now with Wine, I ſhou'd
Be preaching to the King for this raſh Fool.
Alex. Come hither *Clytus*, and my dear *Hepheſtion*;
Lend me your Arms, help, for I'm ſick o'th'ſudden
I fear betwixt *Statira's* cruel Love,
And fond *Roxana's* Arts, your King will fall.
Clyt. Better the *Perſian* Race were all undone.
Heph. Look up, my Lord, and bend not thus your Head,
As if you wou'd Leave the Empire of the World,
Which you with Toil have won.
Alex. Wou'd I had not,
There's no true joy in ſuch unweildy Fortune.
Eternal gazers laſting troubles make,
All find my ſpots, but few my brightneſs take.
Stand off, and give me air,——
Why was I born a Prince, proclaim'd a God?
Yet have no Liberty to look abroad?
Thus Palaces in proſpect bar the Eye,
Which pleas'd and free, wou'd o're the Cottage fly;
O're flow'ry Lands to the gay diſtant Sky.
Farewel then Empire, and the Racks of Love;
By all the Gods, I will to Wilds remove,
Stretch'd like a *Sylvan* God on Graſs lye down,
And quite forget that e're I wore a Crown.

ACT

ACT III. SCENE I.

Enter Eumenes, Philip, Theſſalus, Perdiccas, Lyſimachus, *Guards.*

Eum. FArewell, brave Spirit, when you come above,
Commend us to *Philotas*, and the reſt
Of our great Friends.
Theſſ. Perdiccas, you are grown
In truſt, be thankful for your noble Office.
Pred. As noble as you ſentence me, I'd give
This arm that *Theſſalus* were ſo employ'd.
Lyſ. Ceaſe theſe untimely jars, farewel to all,
Fight for the King as I have done, and then
You may be worthy of a Death like mine.——Lead on.

Enter Pariſatis.

Par. Ah my *Lyſimachus*, where are you going?
Whither? to be devoured? O barbarous Prince!
Cou'd you expoſe your Life to the King's Rage,
And yet remember mine was ty'd to yours?
Lyſ. The Gods preſerve you ever from the ills
That threaten me; live Madam, to enjoy
A nobler Fortune, and forget this Wretch:
I ne're had worth, nor is it poſſible
That all the blood which I ſhall loſe this day,
Shou'd merit this rich ſorrow from your Eyes.
Par. The King I know is bent to thy Deſtruction;
Now by command they forc'd me from his Knees:
But take this ſatisfaction in thy death,
No Power, Command, my Mother's Siſter's tears,
Shall cauſe me to ſurvive thy cruel Loſs.
Lyſ. Live, Princeſs, live; howe're the King diſdains me,
Perhaps unarm'd, and fighting for your ſake,
I may perform what ſhall amaze the World,
And force him yet to give you to my Arms.
Away *Perdiccas*; ——dear *Eumenes*, take
The Princeſs to your Charge. [*Exeunt.* Perd. Lyſ. *Guards.*
Eum. O cruelty!
Par. Lead me, *Eumenes*, lead me from the Light,
Where I may wait till I his ruine hear,
Then free my Soul to meet him in the Air. [*Exeunt.*

Phil.

Phil. See where the jealous proud *Roxana* comes,
A haughty Vengeance gathers up her brow.
Theſſ. Peace, they have rais'd her to their Ends; obſerve,

Enter Roxana, Caſſander, Polipercon.

Rox. O you have ruin'd me, I ſhall be mad;
Said you ſo paſſionately, is't poſſible?
So kind to her, and ſo unkind to me?
Caſ. More then your utmoſt Fancy can invent?
He ſwouned thrice at hearing of her Vow,
And when our care as oft had brought back Life,
He drew his Sword, and offer'd at his breaſt.
Pol. Then rail'd on you with ſuch unheard of Curſes?
Rox. Away, be gone, and give a Whirlwind Room,
Or I will blow you up like Duſt; avaunt:
Madneſs but meanly repreſents my toyl.
Roxana and *Statira*, they are Names
That muſt for ever jar; eternal Diſcord,
Fury, Revenge, Diſdain, and Indignation
Tear my ſwoll'n Breaſt, make way for fire and Tempeſt.
My brain is burſt, debate and reaſon quench'd,
The ſtorm is up, and my hot bleeding heart
Splits with the Rack, while paſſions like the Winds
Riſe up to Heaven, and put out all the Stars.
What ſaving hand, O what Almighty arm
Can raiſe me ſinking?
Caſ. Let your own arm ſave you,
'Tis in your power, your Beauty is Almighty:
Let all the Stars go out, your Eyes can light 'em:
Wake then bright Planet that ſhou'd Rule the World,
Wake like the Moon, from your too long Eclipſe,
And we with all the Inſtruments of War,
Trumpets and Drums, will help your glorious Labour.
Pol. Put us to act, andwith a Violence,
That fits the Spirit of a moſt wrong'd Woman:
Let not *Medea*'s dreadful vengeance ſtand
A Pattern more, but draw your own ſo fierce,
It may for ever be Original.
Caſ. Touch not, but daſh with ſtrokes ſo bravely bold,
'Till you have form'd a face of ſo much horrour,
That gaping Furies may run frighted back;
That Envy may devour her ſelf for Madneſs,
And ſad *Medu*ſa's Head be turn'd to ſtone.
Rox. Yes, we will have Revenge, my Inſtruments:
For there is nothing you have ſaid of me,
But comes far ſhort, wanting of what I am.

When

When in my nonage I at *Zogdia* liv'd,
Amongſt my ſhe-companions I wou'd reign;
Drew 'em from idleneſs, and little arts
Of coining looks, and laying ſnares for Lovers;
Broke all their Glaſſes, and their Tires tore:
Taught 'em, like *Amazons*, to ride and chace
Wild Beaſts in Deſarts, and to Maſter men.
Caſ. Her looks, her words, her ev'ry motion fires me.
Rox. But when I heard of *Alexander's* Conqueſts,
How with a handful he had Millions ſlain,
Spoil'd all the Eaſt, their Queens his Captives made,
Yet with what Chaſtity, and God-like temper
He ſaw their Beauties, and with pity bow'd;
Methought I hung upon my Father's lips,
And wiſh'd him tell the wondrous tale again:
Left all my ſports, the Woman now return'd,
And ſighs uncall'd wou'd from my boſom fly;
And all the night, as my *Adraſte* told me,
In ſlumbers groan'd and murmur'd, *Alexander.*
Caſ. Curſe on the name! but I will ſoon remove
That bar of my Ambition and my Love.
Rox. At laſt to *Zogdia* this Triumpher came,
And cover'd o're with Laurels forc'd our City:
At night I by my father's order ſtood,
With fifty Virgins, waiting at a Banquet.
But oh how glad was I to hear his Court,
To feel the preſſure of his glowing hand,
And taſte the dear, the falſe-proteſting lips.
Caſ. Wormwood and Hemlock henceforth grow about 'em.
Rox. Gods! that a Man ſhould be ſo great and baſe!
What ſaid he not when in the Bridal Bed,
He claſp'd my yielding Body in his Arms:
When with his fiery Lips devouring mine,
And moulding with his hand my throbbing Breaſt,
He ſwore the Globes of Heaven and Earth were vile
To thoſe rich Worlds and talk'd, and kiſs'd, and lov'd,
And made me ſhame the Morning with my bluſhes.
Caſ. Yet after this prove falſe!
Pol. Horrid Perjury!
Caſ. Not to be match'd.
Pol. O you muſt find revenge.
Caſ. A Perſon of your Spirit be thus ſlighted!
For whoſe deſire all Earth ſhould be too little.
Rox. And ſhall the Daughter of *Darius* hold him?
That puny Girl, that Ape of my Ambition?
That cry'd for Milk when I was nurs'd in blood!
Shall ſhe, made up of watry Element,

A Cloud

A Cloud, ſhall ſhe embrace my proper God?
While I am caſt like Lightning from his hand!
No, I muſt ſcorn to prey on common things;
Though hurl'd to Earth by this diſdainful *Jove*,
I will rebound to my own Orb of Fire,
And with the wrack of all the Heav'ns expire,
Caſſ. Now you appear your ſelf;
Tis noble anger.
Rox. May the Illuſtrious blood that fills my womb,
And ripens to be Perfect Godhead born,
Come forth a Fury, may *Barſina's* Baſtard
Tread it to Hell, and rule as Soveraign Lord,
When I permit *Statira* to enjoy
Roxana's right, and ſtrive not to deſtroy.

Enter Syſigambis, Statira, in *mourning*.

Caſſ. Behold her going to fulfill her Vow;
Old *Syſigambis* whom the King engag'd,
Reſiſts and awes her with Authority.
Rox. 'Twas raſhly vow'd indeed, and I ſhou'd pity her.
Syſ. O my *Statira*, how has Paſſion chang'd thee!
Think if thou drive the King to ſuch extreams,
What in his fury may he not denounce
Againſt the poor remains of loſt *Darius*?
Stat. I know, I know he will be kind to you,
And to my mourning Siſter for my ſake,
And tell him, how with my departing breath
I rail'd not, but ſpoke kindly of his perſon,
Nay wept to think of our divided Loves,
And ſobbing ſent a laſt forgiveneſs to him.
Rox. Grant Heav'n, ſome eaſe to this diſtracted wretch!
Let her not linger out a life in torments,
Be theſe her laſt words, and at once diſpatch her.
Syſ. No, by the everlaſting fire I ſwear,
By my *Darius* Soul, I never more
Will dare to look on *Alexander's* face,
If you refuſe to ſee him.
Rox. Curſe on that cunning tongue, I fear her now.
Caſſ. No, ſhe's reſolv'd.
Stat. I caſt me at your feet,
To bathe 'em with my tears; or, if you pleaſe,
I'le let out life and waſh 'em with my blood,
But ſtill conjure you not to rack my Soul,
Nor hurry my wild thoughts to perfect madneſs.
Shou'd now *Darius* awful Ghoſt appear,
And my pale Mother ſtand beſeeching by,
I wou'd perſiſt to death, and keep my Vow.

Rox. She shews a certain bravery of Soul,
Which I shou'd praise in any but my Rival.
Sys. Dye then, rebellious wretch, thou art not now
That soft belov'd, nor dost thou share my blood.
Go hide thy baseness in thy lovely Grot,
Ruine thy Mother, and thy Royal House,
Pernicious Creature! shed the innocent
Blood, and Sacrifice to the King's wrath
the lives of all thy people; fly, be gone,
And hide thee where bright Virtue never shone:
The day will shun thee, nay the Stars that view
Mischiefs and Murders, deeds to thee not new,
Will start at this;——Go, go, thy crimes deplore,
And never think of *Sysigambis* more
Rox. Madam, I hope you will a Queen forgive,
Roxana weeps to see *Statira* grieve:
How noble is the brave resolve you make,
To quit the World for *Alexander's* sake?
Vast is your mind, you dare thus greatly dye,
And yield the King to one so mean as I:
'Tis a revenge will make the Victor smart,
And much I fear your death will break his heart.
Stat. You counterfeit a fear, and know too well
How much your Eyes all Beauties else excel:
Roxana, who, though not a Princess born,
In Chains cou'd make the mighty Victor mourn.
Forgetting pow'r when Wine had made him warm,
And senseless, yet even then you knew to charm:
Preserve him by those Arts that cannot fail,
While I the loss of what I lov'd bewail.
Rox. I hope your Majesty will give me leave
To wait you to the Grove, where you wou'd grieve;
Where like the Turtle, you the loss will moan
Of that dear Mate, and murmur all alone.
Stat. No, proud Triumpher o're my falling state,
Thou shalt not stay to fill thee with my Fate:
Go to the Conquest which your wiles may boast,
And tell the world you left *Statira* lost.
Go seize my faithless *Alexander's* hand,
Both hand and heart were once at my command:
Grasp his lov'd neck, dye on his fragrant breast,
Love him like me, which cannot be exprest,
He must be happy, and you more than blest.
While *I* in darkness hide me from the day,
That with my mind *I* may his form survey,
And think so long, till *I* think life away.

Rox.

Rox. No, sickly Virtue, no,
Thou shalt not think, nor thy Loves loss bemoan,
Nor shall past pleasures through thy fancy run;
That were to make thee blest as I can be,
But thy no thought I must, I will decree;
As thus I'le torture thee till thou art mad,
And then no thought to purpose can be had.

Stat. How frail, how cowardly is woman's mind?
We shriek at Thunder, dread the rustling wind,
And glitt'ring Swords the brightest eyes will blind.
Yet when strong Jealousie enflames the Soul,
The weak will roar, and Calms to Tempests roul.
Rival take heed, and tempt me not too far;
My blood may boyl, and blushes shew a war.

Rox. When you retire to your *Romantick* Cell,
I'le make thy solitary Mansion Hell,
Thou shalt not rest by day, nor sleep by night:
But still *Roxana* shall thy Spirit fright:
Wanton in Dreams, if thou dar'st dream of bliss,
Thy roving Ghost may think to steal a kiss;
But when to his sought Bed, thy wandring air,
Shall for the happiness it wish'd repair,
How will it groan to find thy Rival there?
How ghastly wilt thou look, when thou shalt see,
Through the drawn Curtains, that Great man and me,
Wearied with laughing joys, shot to the Soul,
While thou shalt grinning stand, and gnash thy teeth, and howl.

Stat. O barb'rous rage! my tears I cannot keep,
But my full Eyes in spight of me will weep.

Rox. The King and I in various Pictures drawn,
Clasping each other, shaded o're with Lawn,
Shall be the daily Presents I will send,
To help thy sorrow to her Journeys end.
And when we hear at last thy hour draws nigh,
My *Alexander*, my dear Love and I,
Will come and hasten on thy ling'ring Fates,
And smile, and kiss thy Soul out, through the Grates.

Stat. 'Tis well, I thank thee; thou hast wak'd a rage,
Whose boyling now no temper can asswage:
I meet thy tides of Jealousie with more,
Dare thee to Duel, and dash thee o're and o're.

Rox. What wou'd you dare?

Stat. Whatever you dare do,
My warring thoughts the bloodiest tracts pursue,
I am by Love a Fury made, like you:
Kill or be kill'd, thus acted by despair.

Rox. Sure the disdain'd *Statira* does not dare?

Stat. Yes, tow'ring proud *Roxana*, but I dare.
Rox. I tow're indeed o're thee;
Like a fair Wood, the ſhade of Kings I ſtand,
While thou ſick Weed does but infect the Land.
Stat. No, like an Ivy I will curl thee round,
Thy ſapleſs Trunk of all its pride confound,
Then dry and wither'd, bend thee to the Ground.
What *Syſigambis* threats, objected fears,
My Siſter's ſighs, and *Alexander's* tears,
Cou'd not effect, thy Rival rage has done;
My Soul, whoſe ſtart at breach of Oaths begun,
Shall to thy ruine violated run.
I'le ſee the King in ſpight of all I ſwore,
Though curſt, that thou may'ſt never ſee him more.

Enter Perdiccas, Alexander, Syſigambis, *Attendants, &c.*

Perd. Madam, your Royal Mother, and the King.
Alex. O my *Statira*! O my angry Dear!
Turn thine Eyes on me, I wou'd talk to them:
What ſhall I ſay to work upon thy Soul?
Where ſhall I throw me? wither ſhall I fall?
Stat. For me you ſhall not fall.
Alex. For thee I will;
Before thy feet I'le have a Grave dug up,
And periſh quick, be buried ſtraight alive:
Give but, as the Earth grows heavy on me,
A tender look, and a relenting word;
Say but 'twas pity that ſo Great a man,
Who had ten thouſand Deaths in Battels ſcap'd:
For one poor fault ſo early ſhou'd remove,
And fall a Martyr to the God of Love.
Rox. Is then *Roxana's* Love and life ſo poor,
That for another you can chuſe to dye,
Rather than live for her? what have I done?
How am I alter'd ſince at *Suſa* laſt
You ſwore, and ſeal'd it with a thouſand kiſſes,
Rather than loſe *Roxana's* ſmalleſt Charm,
You wou'd forgo the Conqueſt of the World?
Alex. Madam, you beſt can tell what Magick drew
Me to your Charms, but let it not be told
For your own ſake; take, take that Conquer'd World,
Diſpoſe of Crowns and Scepters as you pleaſe,
Let me but have the Freedom for an hour,
To make account with this wrong'd Innocence.
Stat. You know, my Lord, you did commit a Fault,
I ask but this, repeat your Crime no more.

Alex.

Alex. O never, never.
Rox. Am I rejected then?
Alex. Exhauſt my Treaſures,
Take all the Spoils of the fair conquer'd *Indies*;
But for the eaſe of my afflicted Soul,
Go where I never may behold thee more.
Rox. Yes, I will go, ungrateful as thou art!
Bane to my Life! thou torment of my days!
Thou murderer of the world! for as thy Sword
Hath cut the Lives of thouſand thouſand Men,
So will thy tongue undo all Woman-kind.
But I'le be gone; this laſt diſdain hath cur'd me,
And I am now grown ſo indifferent,
I could behold you kiſs without a Pang,
Nay, take a Torch and light you to your Bed:
But do not truſt me, no, for if you do,
By all the Furies and the Flames of Love,
By Love, which is the hotteſt burning Hell,
I'le ſet you both on fire to blaze for ever. [*Exit.*
Stat. O *Alexander*, is it poſſible? Good Gods,
That Guilt can ſhew ſo lovely!——yet I pardon,
Forgive thee all, by thy dear life I do.
Alex. Ha; Pardon! ſaidſt thou, Pardon me?
Syſ. Now all thy Mother's Bleſſings fall upon thee,
My beſt, my moſt belov'd, my own *Statira.*
Alex. Is it then true that thou haſt pardon'd me?
And is it given me thus to touch thy hand,
And fold thy body in my longing arms?
To gaze upon thy Eyes, my happier Stars?
To taſte thy lip, and thy dear balmy breath,
While ev'ry ſigh comes forth ſo fraught with ſweets,
'Tis Incenſe to be offer'd to a God.
Stat. Yes, dear Impoſtor, 'tis moſt true that I
Have pardon'd thee; and 'tis as true that while
I ſtand in view of thee, thy eyes will wound,
Thy tongue will make me wanton as thy wiſhes;
And while I feel thy hand my body glows:
Therefore be quick, and take your laſt adieu,
Theſe your laſt ſighs, and theſe your parting tears;
Farewel, farewel, a long and laſt farewel.
Alex. O my *Hepheſtion*, bear me, or I ſink.
Stat. Nay, you may take,——Heav'n how my heart throbs,
You may, you may, if yet you think we worthy,
Take from theſe trembling Lips a parting kiſs.
Alex. No, let me ſtarve firſt;——why, *Statira*, why?
What is the meaning of all this?——O Gods!
I know the Cauſe, my working Brain divines.

You'l

You'l ſay you pardon'd but with this reſerve,
Never to make me bleſt, as I have been,
To ſlumber by the ſide of that falſe man,
Nor give a Heav'n of beauty to a Devil.
Think you not thus? ſpeak, Madam.

Syſ. She is not worthy, Son, of ſo much ſorrow:
Speak comfort to him, ſpeak, my dear *Statira*,
I ask thee by thoſe tears; Ah canſt thou e're
Pretend to Love, yet with dry eyes behold him!

Alex. Silence more dreadful than ſevereſt ſounds:
Wou'd ſhe but ſpeak, though Death, eternal Exile
Hung at her lips, yet while her tongue pronounces,
There muſt be Muſick even in my undoing.

Stat. Still my lov'd Lord, I cannot ſee you thus;
Nor can I ever yield to ſhare your Bed,
O I ſhall find *Roxana* in your arms,
And taſte her kiſſes left upon your Lips:
Her curs'd embraces have defil'd your body,
Nor ſhall I find the wonted ſweetneſs there,
But artificial ſmells, and aking odours.

Alex. Yes, obſtinate, I will; Madam, you ſhall,
You ſhall, in ſpight of this reſiſtleſs paſſion,
Be ſerv'd; but you muſt give me leave to think
You never lov'd: ——O cou'd I ſee you thus!
Hell has not half the tortures that you raiſe.

Clyt. Never did paſſions combat thus before.

Alex. O I ſhall burſt,
Unleſs you give me leave to rave a while.

Syſ. Yet e're deſtruction ſweep us both away,
Relent, and break through all to pity him.

Alex. Yes, I will ſhake this *Cupid* from my arms,
If all the rages of the Earth can fright him;
Drown him in the deep bowl of *Hercules*;
Make the World drunk, and then like *Æolus*,
When he gave paſſage to the ſtruggling winds,
I'le ſtrike my Spear into the reeling Globe
To let it bloud; ſet *Babylon* in a blaze,
And drive this God of flames with more conſuming fire.

Stat. My preſence will but force him to extreams;
Beſides, 'tis death to me to ſee his pains:
Yet ſtand reſolv'd never to yield again.
Permit me to remove.

Alex. I charge ye ſtay her;
For if ſhe paſs, by all the Hell I feel,
Your Souls, your naked Ghoſts ſhall wait upon her.
O turn thee! Turn! thou bar[illegible]ous brightneſs, turn!
Hear my laſt words, and ſee my utmoſt pang:

But firſt kneel with me, all my Souldiers, kneel, [*All kneel.*
Yet lower,——proſtrate to the Earth:——Ah Mother, what
Will you kneel too? Then let the Sun ſtand ſtill
To ſee himſelf out-worſhip'd; not a face
Be ſhewn that is not waſh'd all o're in tears,
But weep as if you here beheld me ſlain.
Syſ. Haſt thou a heart? or art thou Savage turn'd?
But if this poſture cannot move your Mercy,
I never will ſpeak more.
Alex. O my *Statira*!
I ſwear, my Queen, I'le not out-live thy hate,
My Soul is ſtill as death:——But one thing more,
Pardon my laſt Extremities,——the tranſports
Of a deep wounded Breaſt, and all is well.
Stat. Riſe, and may Heaven forgive you all, like me.
Alex. You are too gracious;——*Clytus*, bear me hence,
When I am laid in Earth, yield her the World.
There's ſomething here heaves, and is cold as Ice,
That ſtops my breath;——Farewell, O Gods! for ever.
Stat. Hold off, and let me run into his arms,
My deareſt, my all Love, my Lord, my King;
You ſhall not dye, if that the ſoul and body
Of thy *Statira* can reſtore thy Life:
Give me thy wonted Kindneſs, bend me, break me
With thy Embraces.
Alex. O the killing Joy!
O extaſie! my heart will burſt my breaſt,
To leap into thy boſom; but by heaven
This night I will revenge me of thy Beauties,
For the dear Rack *I* have this day endur'd:
For all the ſighs and tears that *I* have ſpent,
I'le have ſo many thouſand burning Loves;
So ſwell thy Lips, ſo fill me with thy ſweetneſs,
Thou ſhalt not ſleep, nor cloſe thy wandring Eyes:
The ſmiling hours ſhall all be lov'd away,
We'll ſurfeit all the Night, and languiſh all the day.
Stat. Nor ſhall *Roxana*——
Alex. Let her not be nam'd.——
O Mother! how ſhall I requite your goodneſs?
And you, my Fellow Warriours, that cou'd weep
For your loſt King:——But I invite you all,
My Equals in the Throne as in the Grave,
Without diſtinction to the Riot come,
To the King's Banquet.——
Clyt. I beg your Majeſty
Would leave me out.
Alex. None, none ſhall be excus'd

All Revel out the day, 'tis my Command;
Gay as the *Perſian* God our ſelf will ſtand,
With a Crown'd Goblet in our lifted hand.
Young *Ammon* and *Statira* ſhall go round,
While antick Meaſures beat the the burden'd ground,
And to the vaulted Skies our Clangors ſound.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Enter Clytus *in his Macedonian Habit*; Hepheſtion, Eumenes, Meleager, *&c. in* Perſian *Robes.*

Clyt. AWay, I will not wear theſe *Perſian* Robes;
Nor ought the King be angry for the reverence
I owe my Country, ſacred are her Coſtoms,
Which honeſt *Clytus* ſhall preſerve to death.
O let me rot in *Macedonian* rags,
Rather than ſhine in Faſhions of the Eaſt.
Then for the Adorations he requires,
Roſt my old Body in eternal flames,
Or let him Cage me, like *Caliſthenes.*

Eum. Dear *Clytus* be perſwaded.

Heph. You know the King
Is God-like, full of all the richeſt Virtues
That ever Royal heart poſſeſs'd; yet you
Perverſe, but to one humour will oppoſe him.

Clyt. Call you it humour! 'tis a pregnant one,
By *Mars* there's venom in it, burning Pride;
And though my life ſhou'd follow, rather than
Bear ſuch a hot ambition in my bowels,
I'd rip 'em up to give the poyſon vent.

Mele. Was not that *Jupiter* whom we adore
A Man, but for his more than humane acts,
Advanc'd to Heav'n, and worſhip'd for its Lord!

Heph. By all his Thunder and his Soveraign Power,
I'le not believe the Earth yet ever felt
An Arm like *Alexander's*; not that God
You nam'd, though riding in a Car of Fire,
And drawn by flying Horſes wing'd with Lightning,
Cou'd in a ſpace more ſhort do greater deeds,
Drive all the Nations, and lay waſte the World.

Clyt. There's not a Man of War amongſt you all

That

That loves the King like me; yet I'le not flatter,
Nor ſooth his Vanity, 'tis blamable,
And when the Wine works, *Clytus*, thoughts will out.
Heph. Then go not to the Banquet.
Clyt. I was call'd,
My Minion, was I not, as well as you?
I'le go, my Friends, in this old Habit thus,
And laugh, and drink the King's Health heartily;
And while you bluſhing bow your Heads to Earth,
And hide 'em in the duſt, I'le ſtand upright,
Strait as a Spear, the Pillar of my Country,
And be by ſo much nearer to the Gods.——
But ſee, the King and all the Court appear.

Enter Alexander, Syſigambis, Statira, Pariſatis, *&c.*

Par. Spare him, O ſpare *Lyſimachus* his Life;
I know you will, Kings ſhou'd delight in Mercy.
Alex. Shield me, *Statira*, ſhield me from her ſorrow.
Par. O Save him, ſave him, e're it be too late;
Speak the kind word, before the gaping Lyon
Swallow him up; let not your Souldier Periſh,
But for one raſhneſs which deſpair did cauſe.
I'le follow thus for ever on my knees,
And make your way ſo ſlippery with tears,
You ſhall not paſs.——Siſter, do you conjure him.
Alex. O Mother, take her, take her from me, [*Kneels.*
Her watry eyes aſſault my very Soul,
They ſhake my beſt reſolve.——
Stat. Did I not break
Through all for you? nay, now my Lord you muſt.
Syſ. Nor wou'd I make my Son ſo bold a Prayer,
Had I not firſt conſulted for his Honour.
Alex. Honour! what Honour! has not *Statira* ſaid it?
Were I the King of the blue Firmament,
And the bold *Titans* ſhou'd again make War,
Though my reſiſtleſs Arrows were made ready,
By all the Gods ſhe ſhou'd arreſt my hand.
Fly then, ev'n thou his Rival ſo belov'd,
Fly with old *Clytus*, ſnatch him from the Jaws
Of the devouring Beaſt, bring him adorn'd
To the King's Banquet, fit for loads of Honour.
[*Exeunt* Heph. Eum. Par.
Stat. O my lov'd Lord! let me embrace your knees,
I am not worthy of this mighty paſſion:
You are too good for Goddeſſes themſelves:
No Woman, nor the Sex, is worthy a Grain

Of this illuſtrious Life of my dear Maſter.
Why are you ſo divine to cauſe ſuch fondneſs?
That my heart leaps, and beats, and fain wou'd out,
To make a dance of Joy about your Feet.
Alex. Excellent Woman! no, 'tis impoſſible
To ſay how much I love thee;——Ha! again!
Such Extaſies life cannot carry long;
The day comes on ſo faſt, and beamy Joy
Darts with ſuch fierceneſs on me, Night will follow.
A pale Crown'd head flew lately glaring by me,
With two dead hands, which threw a Chryſtal Globe
From high, that ſhatter'd in a thouſand pieces.
But I will loſe theſe boding Dreams in Wine;
Then warm and bluſhing for my Queen's Embraces,
Bear me with all my heat to thy lov'd boſom.
Stat. Go, my beſt love, and chear your drooping Spirits;
Laugh with your Friends, and talk your Grief away,
While in the Bower of great *Semiramis*,
I dreſs your Bed with all the ſweets of Nature,
And crown it as the Altar of my Love;
Where I will lay me down and ſoftly mourn,
But never cloſe my Eyes till your return. [*Ex.* Stat. Syſi.
Alex. Is ſhe not more than mortal man can wiſh!
Diana's Soul caſt in the fleſh of *Venus*!
By *Jove* 'tis ominous, our parting is;
Her face look't pale too, as ſhe turn'd away;
And when I wrung her by the Roſie Fingers,
Methought the ſtrings of my great heart did crack.
What ſhould it mean?——Forward, *Laomedon*.

Roxana *meets him, with* Caſſ. Polip. Phil. *and* Theſſ.

Why Madam gaze you thus?
Rox. For a laſt look, [*She holds his hand.*
And that the memory of *Roxana's* wrongs
May be for ever printed in your mind.
Alex. O Madam, you muſt let me paſs.
Rox. I will.
But I have ſworn that you ſhall hear me ſpeak,
And mark me well, for Fate is in my breath:
Love on the Miſtreſs you adore to death:
Still hope, but I fruition will deſtroy:
Languiſh for pleaſures, you ſhall ne're enjoy.
Still may *Statira's* Image draw your ſight,
Like thoſe deluding Fiers that walk at night;
Lead you through fragrant Grots and flowrie Groves,
And charm you through deep Graſs with ſleeping Loves

That

That when your fancy to its height does riſe,
The light you lov'd may vaniſh from your eyes,
Darkneſs, Deſpair, and Death your wandring Soul ſurprize. } Ex. cum ſuis.
Alex. Away; lead, *Meleager*, to the Banquet.
Rox. So unconcern'd! O I cou'd tear my fleſh,
Or him, or you, nay all the world to pieces.
Caſ. Still keep this Spirit up, preſerve it ſtill,
Loſe not a grain, for ſuch Majeſtick Atomes
Firſt made the world, and muſt preſerve its greatneſs.
Rox. I Know I am whatever thou canſt ſay;
My Soul is pent, and has not elbow room;
'Tis ſwell'd with this laſt flight, beyond all bounds;
O that it had a ſpace might anſwer to
Its infinite deſire, where I might ſtand
And hurle the Sphears about like ſportive Balls.
Caſ. We are your Slaves, admirers of your fury;
Command *Caſſander* to obey your pleaſure,
And I will on, ſwift as my nimble Eye
Scales Heav'n when I am angry with the Fates,
No Age, nor Sex, nor dignity of blood,
No tyes of Law nor Nature, not the life
Imperial, though Guarded with the Gods,
Shall bar *Caſſander's* vengeance, ſhe ſhall dye.
Rox. Ha! ſhall he dye? ſhall I conſent to kill him?
To ſee him claſp'd in the cold arms of death,
Whom I with ſuch an eagerneſs have lov'd?
Do I not bear his Image in my womb?
Which while I meditate, and roul revenge,
Starts in my body like a fatal pulſe,
And ſtrikes compaſſion through my bleeding bowels.
Pol. Theſe ſcruples which your love wou'd raiſe might paſs,
Were not the Empire of the world conſider'd:
How will the glorious Infant in your womb,
When time ſhall teach his tongue, be bound to curſe you,
If now you ſtrike not for Coronation!
Caſ. If *Alexander* lives, you cannot reign,
Nor ſhall your Child; old *Syſigambis* head
Will not be idle:——ſure deſtruction waits
Both you and yours; let not your anger cool,
But give the word; ſay, *Alexander* bleeds,
Draw dry the veins of all the *Perſian* Race,
And hurle a ruine o're the Eaſt, 'tis done.
Pol. Behold the Inſtruments of this great work.
Phil. Behold your forward Slave.
Theſ. I'le execute.
Rox. And when this ruine is accompliſh'd, where
Shall curſt *Roxana* fly with this dear load?

Where shall she find a refuge from the arms
Of all the Successors of this great man?
No barb'rous Nation will receive a guilt
So much transcending theirs, but drive me out:
The wildest Beasts will hunt me from their Dens,
And Birds of Prey molest me in the Grave.

Cas. No, you shall live, pardon the insolence
Which this Almighty Love enforces from me,
You shall live safer, nobler than before,
In your *Cassander's* arms.

Rox. Disgrac'd *Roxana*, whither wilt thou fall!
I ne're was truly wretched till this moment;
There's not one mark of former Majesty,
To awe my Slave that offers at my Honour.

Cas. Madam I hope you'l not impute my passion
To want of that respect which I must bear you;
Long have I Lov'd——

Rox. Peace, most audacious Villain!
Or I will stab this passion in thy throat.
What, shall I leave the bosom of a Deity
To clasp a clod, a moving piece of Earth,
Which a Mole heaves? so far art thou beneath me.

Cas. Your Majesty shall hear no more my folly.

Rox. Nor dare to meet my Eyes; for if thou dost,
With a Love-glance, thy plots are all unravell'd,
And your kind thoughts of *Alexander* told,
Whose life, in spight of all his wrongs to me,
Shall be for ever sacred and untouch'd.

Cas. I know, dread Madam, that *Cassander's* life
Is in your hands, so cast to do you service.

Rox. You thought, perhaps, because I Practis'd Charms
To gain the King, that I had loose desires:
No, 'tis my pride that gives me height of pleasure,
To see the man by all the world admir'd,
Bow'd to my bosom, and my Captive there:
Then my veins swell, and my arms grasp the poles,
My breasts grow bigger with the vast delight,
Tis length of Rapture, and an age of Fury.

Cas. By your own life, the greatest oath I swear,
Cassander's passion from this time is dumb.

Rox. No, if I were a Wanton, I wou'd make
Princes the Victims of my raging fires:
I, like the changing Moon, wou'd have the Stars
My followers, and mantled Kings by night
Shou'd wait my call; fine Slaves to quench my flame,
Who left in Dreams they should reveal the deed;
Still as they came, successively shou'd bleed.

Cas.

Caſ. To make attonement for the higheſt crime,
I beg your Majeſty will take the life
Of Queen *Statira* as a Sacrifice.
Rox. Riſe, thou haſt made me ample expiation:
Yes, yes, *Statira*, Rival thou muſt dye;
I know this night is deſtin'd for my ruine,
And *Alexander* from the glorious Revels
Flys to thy arms.
Phil. The Bowers of *Semiramis* are made
The Scene this Night of their new kindled Loves.
Rox. Methinks I ſee her yonder, O the torment!
Buſie for bliſs, and full of expectation:
She adorns her head, and her Eyes give new luſtre;
Languiſhes in her Glaſs, tries all her looks;
Steps to the Door, and liſtens for his coming;
Runs to the Bed, and kneels and weeps and wiſhes,
Then lays the Pillow eaſie for his head,
Warms it with ſighs, and moulds it with her kiſſes.
O I am loſt, torn with Imagination!
Kill me, *Caſſander*, kill me inſtantly,
That I may haunt her with a thouſand Devils.
Caſ. Why d'ye ſtop to end her while you may?
No time ſo proper as the preſent now:
While *Alexander* feaſts with all his Court,
Give me your Eunuchs, half your *Zogdian* Slaves,
I'le do the deed, nor ſhall a Waiter 'ſcape,
That ſerves your Rival, to relate the News.
Pol. She was committed to *Eumenes* charge.
Rox. *Eumenes* dyes, and all that are about her:
Nor ſhall I need your aid, you'l love again;
I'le head the Slaves my ſelf, with this drawn Dagger,
To carry death that's worthy of a Queen.
A common Fate ne're ruſhes from my hand,
'Tis more than Life to dye by my command.
And when ſhe ſees
That to my arm her ruine ſhe muſt owe,
Her thankful head will ſtrait be bended low,
Her heart ſhall leap half way to meet the blow. [*Ex.* Rox.
Caſ. Go thy ways, *Semele*;—ſhe ſcorns to ſin
Beneath a God: ——— we muſt be ſwift, the ruine
We intend, who knows, ſhe may diſcover.
Pol. It muſt be acted ſuddenly, to Night,
Now at the Banquet *Philip* holds his Cup.
Phil. And dares to execute, ——— propoſe his Fate.
Caſ. Obſerve in this ſmall Viol certain Death;
It holds a Poyſon of ſuch deadly force,
Shou'd *Æſculapius* drink it, in five hours

(For

(For then it works) the God himself were mortal,
I drew it from *Nonarris* horrid Spring,
A drop infus'd in Wine, will seal his death,
And send him howling to the lowest shades.
Phil. Wou'd it were done.
Caſ. O we ſhall have him tear
(E're yet the Moon has half her Journey rode)
The World to Atomes; for it ſcatters pains
All ſorts, and through all Nerves, Veins, Arteries,
Even with extremity of Froſt it burns:
Drives the diſtracted Soul about her houſe,
Which runs to all the Pores, the doors of Life,
'Till ſhe is forc't for air to leave her Dwelling.
Pol. By *Pluto's* ſelf the work is wondrous brave.
Caſ. Now ſeparate, *Philip* and *Theſſalus*
Haſte to the Banquet; at his ſecond call,
Give him the fatal draught that crowns the Night,
While *Polipercon* and my ſelf retire.

[*Exeunt omnes præter* Caſſander.]

Yes *Alexander*, now thou pay'ſt me well,
Blood for a blow is Intereſt indeed:
Methinks I am grown taller with the Murder,
And ſtanding ſtrait on this Majeſtick Pile,
I hit the Clouds, and ſee the World below me.
O 'tis the worſt of racks to a brave Spirit
To be born baſe, a Vaſſel, a curſt Slave,
Now by the project lab'ring in my brain,
'Tis nobler far to be the King of Hell,
To head Infernal Legions, Chiefs below,
To let 'em looſe for Earth, to call 'em in,
And take account of what dark Deeds are done,
Than be a Subject-God in heaven unbleſt,
And without Miſchief have eternal Reſt. [*Exit.*

The Scene draws, Alexander *is ſeen ſtanding on a Throne, with all his Commanders about him, holding Goblets in their Hands.*

Alex. To our Immortal Health, and our fair Queen's;
All drink it deep, and while it flyes about,
Mars and *Bellona* joyn to make us Muſick.
A hundred Bulls be offer'd to the *Sun*,
White as his Beams——Speak the big voice of War,
Beat all our Drums, and blow our Silver Trumpets,

'Till

'Till we provoke the Gods to act our pleasure
In bowls of *Nectar* and replying Thunder. [*Sound while they drink.*

Enter Hephestion, Clytus, *leading in* Lysimachus *in his Shirt bloody*, Perdiccas, *Guard.*

Clyt. Long live the King, and Conquest crown his arms
With Laurels ever green; Fortune's his Slave,
And kisses all that fight upon his side.
Alex. Did not I give command you shou'd preserve *Lysimachus*?
Heph. You did.
Alex. What then Portend those bloody marks?
Heph. Your mercy flew too late; *Perdiccas* had,
According to the dreadful Charge you gave,
Already plac'd the Prince in a lone Court,
Unarm'd, all but his hands, on which he wore
A pare of Gauntlets; such was his desire,
To shew in death the difference betwixt
The blood of the *Æacides*, and common men.
Clyt. At last the Door of an old Lyon's Den
Being drawn up, the horrid Beast appear'd:
The flames which from his Eyes shot gloomy red,
Made the Sun start, as the Spectators thought,
And round 'em cast a day of blood and death.
Heph. When we arriv'd, just as the valiant Prince
Cry'd out, O *Parisatis*, take my Life,
'Tis for thy sake I go undaunted thus
To be devoured by this most dreadful Creature.
Clyt. Then walking forward, the large Beast descry'd
His prey, and with a roar that made us pale,
Flew fiercely on him; but the active Prince
Starting aside, avoided his first shock,
With a slight hurt, and as the Lyon turn'd,
Thrust Gauntlet, Arm and all, into his throat,
And with *Herculian* force tore forth by th'roots
The foaming bloody tongue; and while the Savage,
Faint with that loss, sunk to the blushing Earth
To plough it with his teeth, your conqu'ring Souldier
Leap'd on his back, and dash'd his skull to pieces.
Alex. By all my Laurels 'twas a God-like act,
And 'tis my Glory, as it shall be thine,
That *Alexander* cou'd not pardon thee.
O my brave Souldier! think not all the Prayers
Of the lamenting Queens cou'd move my Soul
Like what thou hast perform'd; grow to my breast, [*Embraces him.*
Lys. However Love did hurry my wild arm,

When

When I was cool my fev'riſh blood did bate,
And as I went to death I bleſt the King.
Alex. Lyſimachus, we both have been tranſported,
But from this hour be certain of my heart:
A Lyon be the Impreſs of thy Shield,
And that golden Armour we from *Porus* won
The King preſents thee; but retire to Bed,
Thy toils ask reſt.
Lyſ. I have no wounds to hinder
Of any moment; or if I had, though mortal,
I'd ſtand to *Alexander*'s health, 'till all
My Veins were dry, and fill 'em up again
With that Rich Blood which makes the Gods Immortal.
Alex. Hepheſtion, thy hand embrace him cloſe;
Though next my heart you hang the Jewel there,
For ſcarce I know whether my Queen be nearer,
Thou ſhalt not rob me of my Glory, Youth,
That muſt to Ages flouriſh ——— *Pariſatis*
Shall now be his that ſerves me beſt in War.
Neither reply, but mark the Charge I give,
And live as Friends. ——— Sound, Sound my Armies Honour;
Health to their Bodies, and Eternal Fame
Wait on their Memory, when thoſe are aſhes;
Live all you muſt, 'tis a God gives you Life. [*Sound.*

[Lyſimachus *offers* Clytus *a* Perſian *Robe, and he refuſes it.*

Clyt. O Vanity!
Alex. Ha! what ſays *Clytus*?
Who am I?
Clyt. The Son of Good King *Philip.*
Alex. No, 'tis falſe,
By all my Kindred in the Skies
Jove made my Mother pregnant.
Clyt. I ha' done.

Here follows an Entertainment of Indian *Singers and Dancers: The Muſick flouriſhes.*

Alex. Hold, hold, *Clytus*, take the Robe.
Clyt. Sir, the Wine,
The Weather's hot; beſides you know my humour.
Alex. O 'tis not well, I'd burn rather than be
So ſingular and froward.
Clyt. So wou'd *I*,
Burn, hang, or drown; but in a better Cauſe,
I'le drink or fight for Sacred Majeſty,

With

With any here.——Fill me another Bowl;
Will you excuſe me?
Alex. You will be excus'd;
But let him have his humour, he is old.
Clyt. So was your Father, Sir,——This to his memory.
Sound all the Trumpets there.
Alex. They ſhall not ſound
Till the King drinks;——by *Mars* I cannot take
A moments reſt for all my years of Blood,
But one or other will oppoſe my pleaſure.
Sure I was form'd for War, eternal War;
All, all are *Alexander*'s Enemies;
Which I cou'd tame;——yes, the Rebellious world
Shou'd feel my wrath:——But let the ſports go on.

The Indians *Dance.*

Lyſ. Nay *Clytus*, you that cou'd adviſe——
Alex. Forbear;
Let him perſiſt, be poſitive, and proud,
Sullen and dazl'd, amongſt the nobler Souls,
Like an Infernal Spirit that had ſtole
From Hell, and mingled with the laughing Gods.
Clyt. When Gods grow hot, where's the difference
'Twixt them and Devils?——fill me *Greek* Wine, yet fuller,
For I want Spirits.
Alex. Ha! let me hear a Song.
Clyt. Muſick for Boys:——*Clytus* wou'd hear the groans
Of dying perſons, and the Horſes neighings;
Or if I muſt be tortur'd with ſhrill voices,
Give me the Cryes of Matrons in ſack'd Towns.
Heph. Lyſimachus, the King looks ſad, let us awake him:
Health to the Son of *Jupiter Ammon*;
Ev'ry man take his Goblet in his hand,
Kneel all, and kiſs the Earth with adoration.
Alex. Sound, ſound, that all the Univerſe may hear,
That I cou'd ſpeak like *Jove*, to tell abroad
The kindneſs of my People——Riſe, O riſe,
My hands, my arms, my heart is ever yours.

[*Comes from his Throne, all kiſs his hand*]

Clyt. I did not kiſs the Earth, nor muſt your hand,
I am unworthy, Sir.
Alex. I know thou art,
Thou envieſt my great Honour:——Sit, my Friends,
Nay, I muſt have room:——Now let us talk
Of War, for what more fits a Souldier's Mouth?

And ſpeak, ſpeak freely, or ye do not love me,
Who think you was the braveſt General
That ever led an Army to the Field?
Heph. I think the Sun himſelf ne're ſaw a Chief
So truly great, ſo fortunately brave,
As *Alexander*; not the fam'd *Alcides*,
Nor fierce *Achilles*, who did twice deſtroy,
With their all-conquering Arms, the famous *Troy*.
Lyſ. Such was not *Cyrus*.
Alex. O you flatter me.
Clyt. They do indeed, and yet you love 'em for it,
But hate old *Clytus*, for his hardy Virtue.
Come, ſhall I ſpeak a man more brave than you,
A better General, and more expert Souldier?
Alex. I ſhou'd be glad to learn, inſtruct me, Sir.
Clyt. Your Father *Philip*,—I have ſeen him March,
And fought beneath his dreadful Banner, where
The ſtouteſt at the Table would ha' trembl'd.
Nay frown not, Sir, you cannot look me dead.
When Greeks joyn'd Greeks, then was the tug of War,
The labour'd Battel ſweat, and Conqueſt bled.
Why ſhould I fear to ſpeak a truth more noble,
Then e're your Father *Jupiter Ammon* told you;
Philip fought men, but *Alexander* women.
Alex. Spite! by the Gods, proud ſpite! and burning envy!
Is then my Glory come to this at laſt,
To vanquiſh women? Nay he ſaid the ſtouteſt here
Wou'd tremble at the dangers he has ſeen.
In all the ſickneſſes and wounds I bore,
When from my reins the Javelins head was cut,
Lyſimachus, *Hepheſtion*, ſpeak, *Perdiccas*,
Did I tremble? O the curſed Lyar!
Did I once ſhake or groan? or bear my ſelf
Beneath my Majeſty, my dauntleſs courage?
Heph. Wine has tranſported him.
Alex. No, 'tis plain meer malice:
I was a woman too at *Oxydrace*,
When planting at the walls a Scaling-Ladder,
I mounted ſpite of ſhowers of Stones, Bars, Arrows,
And all the lumber which they thunder'd down,
When you beneath cry'd out, and ſpred your arms,
That I ſhou'd leap amongſt you, did I ſo?
Lyſ. Turn the diſcourſe, my Lord, the old man rav'd.
Alex. Was I woman, when like *Mercury*
I left the walls to fly amongſt my Foes?
And like a baited Lyon, I dy'd my ſelf
All over with the blood of thoſe bold Hunters:

Till

'Till ſpent with toil, I battel'd on my knees,
Pluck'd forth the Darts that made my ſhield a Forreſt,
And hurl'd 'em back with moſt unconquer'd fury.
Clyt. 'Twas all Bravado, for before you leapt,
You ſaw that I had burſt the gates in ſunder.
Alex. Did I then, turn me like a Coward round
To ſeek for ſuccour? Age cannot be ſo baſe,
That thou wert young again, I wou'd put off
My Majeſty to be more terrible,
That like an Eagle I might ſtrike this Hare
Trembling to Earth: ſhake thee to duſt, and tear
Thy heart for this bold Lye, thou feeble dotard.
Clyt. What, do you pelt me like a Boy with Apples? } *He toſſes Fruit at*
Kill me, and bury the diſgrace I feel. } *him as they riſe.*
I know the reaſon that you uſe me ſo,
Becauſe I ſav'd your life at *Grannicus*,
And when your back was turn'd, oppos'd my breaſt
To bold *Rheſaces* Sword; you hate me for't,
You do, proud Prince.
Alex. Away, your breath's too hot. [*Flings him from him.*
Clyt. You hate the Benefactor, though you took
The Gift, your life, from this diſhonour'd *Clytus*,
Which is the blackeſt, worſt ingratitude.
Alex. Go, leave the Banquet: thus far I forgive thee.
Clyt. Forgive your ſelf for all your Blaſphemies,
The riots of a moſt debauch'd, and blotted Life,
Philotas murder———
Alex. Ha! what ſaid the Traytor?
Lyſ. Eumenes, let us force him hence.
Clyt. Away.
Heph. You ſhall not tarry:
Drag him to the door.
Clyt. No, let him ſend me, if I muſt be gone,
To *Philip*, *Attalus*, *Caliſthenes*,
To great *Parmenio*, and to his ſlaughter'd Sons:
Parmenio, who did many brave exploits
Without the King,——the King without him nothing.
Alex. Give me a Javelin. [*Takes one from the Guards.*
Heph. Hold, Sir.
Alex. Off, Sirrah, leſt
At once I ſtrike it through his heart and thine.
Lyſ. O ſacred Sir, have but a moments patience.
Alex. Preach patience to another Lyon;——what,
Hold my arms? I ſhall be murder'd here,
Like poor *Darius*, by my own barb'rous Subjects.
Perdiccas, ſound my Trumpets to the Camp,
Call my Souldiers to the Court; nay haſte,

For there is Treaſon plotting 'gainſt my life,
And I ſhall periſh e're they come to reſcue.

Lyſ. *Heph.* } Let's all dye, e're think ſo dam'd a deed. [*Kneel.*

Alex. Where is the Traytor?

Clyt. Sure there's none about you;
But here ſtands honeſt *Clytus*, whom the King
Invited to his Banquet.

Alex. Be gone and ſup with *Philip*, *Parmenio*, *Attalus*, *Caliſthenes*; { *Strikes him through.*
And let bold Subjects learn by thy ſad Fate,
To tempt the patience of a man above 'em.

Clyt. The rage of Wine is drown'd in guſhing blood;
O *Alexander*, I have been to blame,
Hate me not after death, for I repent
That ſo I urg'd your nobleſt, ſweeteſt Nature.

Alex. What's this I hear? ſay on my dying Souldier.

Clyt. I ſhou'd ha' kill'd my ſelf, had I but liv'd
To be once ſober: ——Now I fall with honour,
My own hand wou'd ha' brought foul death; O pardon. [*Dies.*

Alex. Then I am loſt, what has my Vengeance done?
Who is it thou haſt ſlain? *Clytus*; what was he?
Thy faithful Subject, worthieſt Counſellor,
Who for ſaving of thy Life, when
Thou fought'ſt bare-headed at the River *Granike*,
Has now a noble Recompence; for ſpeaking raſhly;
For a Forgetfulneſs which Wine did work,
The poor, the honeſt *Clytus* thou haſt ſlain?
Are theſe the Laws of Hoſpitality?
Thy Friends will ſhun thee now, and ſtand at diſtance,
Nor dare to ſpeak their minds, nor eat with thee,
Nor drink, leſt by thy madneſs they dye too.

Heph. Guards, take the body hence.

Alex. None dare to touch him,
For we muſt never part: Cruel *Hepheſtion*,
And *Lyſimachus*, that had the power,
Yet wou'd not hold me.

Lyſ. Dear, Sir, we did.

Alex. I know it;
Ye held me like a Beaſt, to let me go
With greater Violence: ——O you have undone me!
Excuſe it not, you that cou'd ſtop a Lion,
Cou'd not turn me; you ſhou'd have drawn your Swords,
And barr'd my rage with their advancing Points;
Made Reaſon glitter in my dazl'd Eyes,
Till I had ſeen what Ruine did attend me:
That had been noble, that had ſhew'd a Friend.

Clytus

Clytus wou'd ſo have done to ſave your Lives.
Lyſ. When men ſhall hear how highly you were urg'd——
Alex. No, you have let me ſtain my riſing Vertue,
Which elſe had ended brighter than the *Sun*:
Death, Hell, and Furies! you have ſunk my Glory:
O I am all a blot, which Seas of Tears,
And my Heart's Blood, can never waſh away;
Yet 'tis but juſt I try, and on the Point,
Still reaking, hurl my black polluted breaſt.
Heph. O ſacred Sir, this muſt not be.
Eum. Forgive my pious hands.
Lyſ. And mine, that dare diſarm my Maſter.
Alex. Yes cruel men, ye now can ſhew your ſtrength,
Here's not a Slave but dares oppoſe my Juſtice;
Yet I will render all endeavours vain
That tend to ſave my Life: ——here I will lye [*Falls.*
Cloſe to his bleeding ſide, thus kiſſing him,
Theſe pale dead lips that have ſo oft adviſ'd me,
Thus bathing o're his Reverend Face in Tears,
Thus claſping his cold Body in my Arms,
'Till Death, like him, has made me ſtiff and horrid.
Heph. What ſhall we do?
Lyſ. I know not, my wounds bleed afreſh
With ſtriving with him, *Perdiccas*, lend's your Arm. } *Ex. Per. Lyſ.*
Heph. Call *Ariſtander* hither,
Or *Meleager*, let's force him from the Body.

Cries without, Arm, Arm, Treaſon, Treaſon,
Enter Perdiccas *bloody*

Perd. Haſte, all take Arms; *Hepheſtion*, where's the King?
Heph. There by old *Clytus* ſide, whom he has ſlain.
Perd. Then miſery on miſery will fall,
Like rowling billows to advance the ſtorm.
Riſe, ſacred Sir, and haſte to aid the Queen,
Roxana fill'd with furious Jealouſie,
Came with a Guard of *Zogdian* Slaves unmark'd,
And broke upon me with ſuch ſudden rage,
That all are periſh'd who reſiſtance made:
I only with theſe wounds through claſhing Spears
Have forc'd my way, to give you timely notice.
Alex. What ſays *Perdiccas*? Is the Queen in danger?
Perd. She dyes unleſs you turn her Fate, and quickly;
Your diſtance from the Palace ask more ſpeed,
And the aſcent to th' flying Grove is high.
Alex. Thus from the Grave I riſe to ſave my Love,
All draw your Swords, with wings of Lightning move,

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For there is Treaſon plotting 'gainſt my life,
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All draw your Swords, with wings of Lightning move,

When

When I ruſh on, ſure none will dare to ſtay,
Tis Beauty calls, and Glory ſhews the way. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT V. SCENE I.

Statira *is diſcover'd ſleeping in the Bower of* Semiramis. *The Spirits of Queen* Statira *her Mother, and* Darius, *appear ſtanding on each ſide of her, with Daggers threatning her.*

They Sing.

Dar. *IS Innocence ſo void of cares,*
That it can undiſturbed ſleep,
Amidſt the noiſe of horrid Wars,
That make Immortal Spirits weep?
Stat. No boding Crows, nor Ravens come,
To warn her of approaching doom?
Dar. She walks, as ſhe dreams, in a Garden of flowers,
And her hands are employ'd in the beautiful Bowers:
She dreams of the man that is far from the Grove,
And all her ſoft Fancy ſtill runs on her Love.
Stat. She nods o're the Brooks that run purling along,
And the Nightingales lull her more faſt with a Song.
Dar. But ſee the ſad end which the Gods have decreed.
Stat. This Ponyard's thy Fate.
Dar. My Daughter muſt bleed.
Chor. Awake then, Statira, *awake, for alas you muſt dye:*
E're an hour be paſt, you muſt breath out your laſt.
Dar. And be ſuch another as I,
Stat. As I,
Chor. And be ſuch another as I.

Statira *ſola.*

Stat. Bleſs me ye Pow'rs above, and guard my Virtue!
I ſaw, nor was't a Dream, I ſaw and heard
My Royal Parents, there I ſaw 'em ſtand;
My eyes beheld their Precious Images:
I heard their Heav'nly voices; where, O where
Fled you ſo faſt, Dear ſhades, from my embraces?
You told me this,——This hour ſhould be my laſt,
And I muſt bleed;——Away, 'tis all Deluſion!

Do

Do not I wait for *Alexander's* coming?
None but my Loving Lord can Enter here;
And will he kill me?——hence, Phantaſtick ſhadows!
And yet methinks he ſhould not ſtay thus long!
Why do I tremble thus? if I but ſtir,
The motion of my Robes makes my heart leap.
When will the dear man come, that all my doubts
May vaniſh in his breaſt? that I may hold him
Faſt as my fears can make me, hug him cloſe
As my fond ſoul can wiſh, give all my breath
In ſighs, and kiſſes; ſwoun, dye away with Rapture!
But hark I hear him:—— [*Noiſe within.*
Fain I would hide my bluſhes,
I hear his tread, but dare not go to meet him.

Enter Roxana *with Slaves, and a Dagger.*

Rox. At length we have conquer'd this ſtupendious height,
Theſe flying Groves, whoſe wonderful aſcent
Leads to the Clouds.
Stat. Then all the Viſion's true, [*Retires.*
And I muſt dye, loſe my dear Lord for ever:
That, that's the murderer.
Rox. Shut the Brazen Gate,
And make it faſt with all the maſſie Bars:
I know the King will fly to her relief,
But we have time enough:——where is my Rival?
Appear *Statira*, now no more a Queen,
Roxana calls, where is your Majeſty?
Stat. And what is ſhe who with ſuch Tow'ring pride,
Wou'd awe a Princeſs that is born above her?
Rox. I like the Port Imperial Beauty bears,
It ſhews thou haſt a Spirit fit to fall
A Sacrifice to fierce *Roxana's* wrongs.
Be ſudden then, put forth theſe Royal Breaſts,
Where our falſe Maſter has ſo often languiſh'd,
That I may change their milky innocence
To Blood, and dye me in a deep revenge.
Stat. No barb'rous woman! though I durſt meet death
As boldy as our Lord, with a reſolve
At which thy Coward heart wou'd tremble:
Yet I diſdain to ſtand the Fate you offer,
And therefore fearleſs of thy dreadful threats,
Walk thus regardleſs by thee.
Rox. Ha! ſo ſtately!
This ſure will ſink you.
Stat. No, *Roxana*, no;

The

The blow you give will ſtrike me to the Stars,
But ſink my murdreſs in Eternal ruine.
Rox. Who told you this?
Stat. A thouſand Spirits tell me:
There's not a God but whiſpers in my ear,
This death will crown me with Immortal Glory;
To dye ſo fair, ſo innocent, ſo young,
Will make me Company for Queens above.
Rox. Preach on.
Stat. While you the burden of the Earth,
Fall to the Deep ſo heavy with thy Guilt,
That Hell it ſelf muſt groan at thy reception;
While fouleſt Fiends ſhun thy Society,
And thou ſhalt walk alone, forſaken Fury.
Rox. Heaven witneſs for me, I wou'd ſpare thy Life,
If any thing but *Alexander*'s Love
Were in debate; come give me back his heart,
And thou ſhalt live, live Empreſs of the World.
Stat. The World is leſs than *Alexander*'s Love,
Yet cou'd I give it, 'tis not in my power:
This I dare promiſe, if you ſpare my Life,
Which I diſdain to beg, he ſhall ſpeak kindly.
Rox. Speak! is that all?
Stat. Perhaps at my requeſt,
And for a Gift ſo noble as my Life,
Beſtow a Kiſs.
Rox. A Kiſs! no more?
Stat. O Gods!
What ſhall I ſay to work her to my End?
Fain I would ſee him:——Yes, a little more,
Embrace you, and for ever be your Friend.
Rox. Oh the provoking word! Your Friend! Thou dy'ſt:
Your Friend! What, muſt I bring you then together?
Adore your Bed, and ſee you ſoftly laid?
By all my Pangs, and labours of my Love,
This has thrown off all that was ſweet and gentle;
Therefore——
Stat. Yet hold thy hand advanc'd in air;
I ſee my death is written in thy Eyes,
Therefore wreak all thy Luſt of Vengeance on me,
Waſh in my Blood, and ſteep thee in my gore;
Feed like a Vulture, tear my bleeding heart.
But O *Roxana*! that there may appear
A Glimpſe of Juſtice for thy Cruelty,
A grain of Goodneſs for a maſs of Evil,
Give me my Death in *Alexander*'s preſence.
Rox. Not for th' Rule of Heaven:——Are you ſo cunning?

What

What, you wou'd have him mourn you as you fall?
Take your Farewel, and taſte ſuch healing Kiſſes
As might call back your Soul? No, thou ſhalt fall
Now, and when Death has ſeiz'd thy beautious Limbs,
I'le have thy Body thrown into a Well,
Buried beneath a heap of Stones for ever.

Enter a Slave.

Slav. Madam, the King with all his Captains and his Guards
Are forcing ope the Doors, he threatens thouſand Deaths
To all that ſtop his entrance, and I believe
Your Eunuchs will obey him.
Rox. Then I muſt haſte. [*Stabs her.*
Stat. What is the King ſo near?
And ſhall I dye ſo tamely, thus defenceleſs?
O ye good Gods! will you not help my weakneſs?
Rox. They are far off. [*Stabbing her.*
Stat. Alas! they are indeed.

Enter Alexander, Caſſander, Polyperchon, *Guards and Attendants.*

Alex. Oh Harpy! thou ſhalt reign the Queen of Devils.
Rox. Do, ſtrike, behold my boſom ſwells to meet thee;
'Tis full of thine, of Veins that run ambition,
And I can brave whatever Fate you bring.
Alex. Call our Phyſitians, haſte, I'le give an Empire
To ſave her:——Oh my Soul, alas *Statira*!
Theſe wounds,——Oh Gods, are theſe my promis'd joys!
Stat. My cruel Love, my weeping *Alexander*, { *Enter Phyſitians.*
Won'd I had dy'd before you entred here,
For now I ask my Heart a hundred Queſtions;
What muſt I loſe my Life, my Lord, for ever?
Alex. Ha! Villains, are they mortal?——what retire!
Raiſe your daſh'd Spirits from the Earth, and ſay,
Say ſhe ſhall live, and I will make you Kings.
Give me this one, this poor, this only Life,
And I will pardon you for all the Wounds
Which your Arts widen, all Diſeaſes, Deaths,
Which your damn'd *Drugs* throw through the lingring World.
Rox. Rend not your temper, ſee a general ſilence
Confirms the bloody pleaſure which I ſought;
She dyes.——
Alex. And dar'ſt thou Monſter, think to eſcape?
Stat. My Life is on the wing, my Love, my Lord,
Come to my Arms, and take the laſt adieu.

Here let me lie and languish out my Soul.

Alex. Answer me, Father, wilt thou take her from me?
What, is the black, sad hour at last arriv'd,
That I must never clasp her Body more?
Never more bask in her Eyes shine again,
Nor view the Loves that play'd in those dear Beams,
And shot me with a thousand-thousand smiles.

Stat. Farewel, my Dear, my Life, my most lov'd Lord,
I swear by *Orosmades* 'tis more pleasure,
More satisfaction that I thus dye yours,
Than to have liv'd another's:——Grant me one thing.

Alex. All, all;——but speak, that I may execute
Before I follow thee.

Stat. Leave not the Earth
Before Heaven calls you: Spare *Roxana*'s Life,
'Twas love of you that caus'd her give me death.
And, O sometimes amidst your Revels think
Of your poor Queen, and e're the chearful Bowl
Salute your lips, crown it with one rich tear,
And I am happy. [*Dyes.*

Alex. Close not thy Eyes;
Things of Import I have to speak before
Thou tak'st thy Journey:——Tell the Gods, I'm coming
To give 'em an account of Life and Death,
And many other hundred thousand Policies,
That much concern the Government of Heaven.——
O she is gone! the talking Soul is mute!
She's hush'd, no voice, no Musick now is heard!
The Bower of Beauty is more still than Death;
The Roses fade, and the melodious Bird
That wak'd their sweets, has left 'em now for ever.

Rox. 'Tis certain now you never shall enjoy her;
Therefore *Roxana* may have leave to hope
You will at last be kind for all my Sufferings,
My torments, racks, for this last dreadful Murder,
Which furious Love of thee did bring upon me.

Alex. O thou vile Creature! bear thee from my sight,
And thank *Statira* that thou art alive:
Else thou hadst perish'd; yes, I wou'd ha' rent
With my just hands that Rock, that Marble Heart:
I wou'd have div'd through Seas of Blood to find it,
To tear the cruel Quarry from its Center.

Rox. O take me to your Arms, and hide my blushes,
I love you, spight of all your Cruelties;
There is so much Divinity about you,
I tremble to approach; yet here's my hold,
Nor will I leave the sacred Robe, for such;

Is every thing that touches that bleſt Body:
I'le kiſs it as the Relique of a God,
And Love ſhall graſp it with theſe dying hands.
Alex. O that thou wert a man, that I might drive
Thee round the World, and ſcatter thy Contagion,
As Gods hurl Mortal Plagues when they are angry.
Rox. Do, drive me, hew me into ſmalleſt pieces,
My duſt ſhall be inſpir'd with a new fondneſs;
Still the Love motes ſhall play before your Eyes,
Where e're you go, however you deſpiſe.
Alex. Away, there's not a glance that flies from thee,
But like a Baſilisk, comes wing'd with death.
Rox. O ſpeak not ſuch harſh words, my Royal Maſter,
Look not ſo dreadful on your kneeling Servant;
But take, dear Sir, O take me into Grace,
By the dear Babe, the burden of my Womb,
That weighs me down, when I wou'd follow faſter.
My knees are weary, and my force is ſpent:
O do not frown, but clear that angry brow!
Your eyes will blaſt me, and your words are bolts
That ſtrike me dead; the little wretch I bear,
Leaps, frighted at your wrath, and dies within me.
Alex. O thou haſt touch'd my Soul ſo tenderly,
That I will raiſe thee, though my hands are ruine.
Riſe, cruel woman, riſe, and have a care,
O do not hurt that unborn Innocence,
For whoſe dear ſake I now forgive thee all.
But haſte, be gone, fly, fly from theſe ſad eyes,
Fly with thy Pardon, leſt I call it back;
Though I forgive thee, I muſt hate thee ever.
Rox. I go, I fly for ever from thy ſight.
My mortal Injuries have turn'd my mind,
And I cou'd curſe my ſelf for being kind.
If there be any Majeſty above,
That has Revenge in ſtore for perjur'd Love,
Send Heaven the ſwifteſt ruine on his head,
Strike the Deſtroyer, lay the Victor dead;
Kill the Triumpher, and avenge my wrong,
In height of Pomp, while he is warm and young,
Bolted with thunder let him ruſh along.
And when in the laſt pangs of Life he lies,
Grant I may ſtand to dart him with my eyes;
Nay, after death
Purſue his ſpotted Ghoſt, and ſhoot him as he flies. [*Exit.*
Alex. O my fair Star! I ſhall be ſhortly with thee;
For I already feel the ſad effects
Of thoſe moſt fatal Imprecations.

What means this deadly dew upon my Forehead?
My heart too heaves.
Caſ. It will anon be ſtill——— [*aſide*
The Poyſon works.
Pol. I'le ſee the wiſh'd effect [*aſide.*
E're I remove, and gorge me with Revenge.

Enter Perdiccas *and* Lyſimachus.

Perd. I beg your Majeſty will pardon me,
A fatal Meſſenger;
Great *Syſigambis*, hearing *Statira's* death,
Is now no more.
Her laſt words gave the Princeſs to the brave
Lyſimachus; but that which moſt will ſtrike you,
Your dear *Hepheſtion*, having drank too largely
At your laſt Feaſt, is of a Surfeit dead.
Alex. How dead! *Hepheſtion*, dead! alas the dear
Unhappy Youth! ———But he ſleeps happy,
I muſt wake for ever:—This Object, this,
This face of fatal Beauty,
Will ſtretch my Lids with vaſt, eternal tears.———
Who had the Care of poor *Hepheſtion's* Life?
Lyſ. Philarda, the *Arrabian* Artiſt.
Alex. Fly, *Meleager*, hang him on a Croſs:
That for *Hepheſtion*.———
But here lies my Fate; *Hepheſtion*, *Clytus*,
All my Victories for ever folded up:
In this dear Body my Banner's loſt,
My Standard's Triumph's gone!
O when ſhall I be mad? Give order to
The Army that they break their Shields, Swords, Spears,
Pound their bright Armour into duſt away;
Is there not cauſe to put the World in mourning?
Tear all your Robes:——he dies that is not naked
Down to the waſte, all like the Sons of Sorrow.
Burn all the Spires that ſeem to kiſs the Skie;
Beat down the Battlements of every City:
And for the Monument of this lov'd Creature,
Root up thoſe Bowers, and pave 'em all with Gold:
Draw dry the *Ganges*, make the *Indies* poor;
To build her Tomb, no Shrines nor Altars ſpare,
But ſtrip the ſhining Gods to make it rare. [*Exit.*
Caſ. Ha! whither now? follow him, *Polipercbon.* [*Ex* Pol.
I find *Caſſander's* Plot grows full of Death;
Murder is playing her great Maſter-piece,
And the ſad Siſters ſweat, ſo faſt I urge 'em.

O how

O how I hug my ſelf for this Revenge!
My fancy's great in Miſchief; for methinks
The Night grows darker, and the lab'ring Ghoſts,
For fear that I ſhould find new torments out,
Run o're the old with moſt prodigious ſwiftneſs.
I ſee the fatal Fruit betwixt the Teeth,
The Sieve brim-full, and the ſwift ſtone ſtand ſtill.

Enter Poliperchon.

What, does it work?
Pol. Speak ſoftly.
Caſ. Well.
Pol. It does;
I follow'd him, and ſaw him ſwiftly walk
Toward the Palace; oft times looking back,
With watry Eyes, and calling out, *Statira.*
He ſtumbl'd at the Gate, and fell along;
Nor was he rais'd with eaſe by his Attendants,
But ſeem'd a greater load than ordinary,
As much more as the Dead out-weigh the Living.
Caſ. Said he nothing?
Pol. When they took him up,
He ſigh'd, and entred with a ſtrange wild look,
Embrac'd the Princes round, and ſaid he muſt
Diſpatch the buſineſs of the World in haſte.

Enter Philip *and* Theſſalus.

Phil. Back, Back, all ſcatter:——with a dreadful ſhout
I hear'd him cry, I am but a dead man.
Theſ. The Poyſon tears him with that height of horror,
That I could pity him.
Pol. Peace;——where ſhall we meet?
Caſ. In *Saturn's* Field.
Methinks I ſee the frighted Deities,
Ramming more bolts in their big-belly'd Clouds,
And firing all the Heavens to drown his noiſe.
Now we ſhould laugh.——But go diſperſe your ſelves,
While each Soul here, that fills his noble Veſſel,
Swells with the murder, works with ruine o're:
And from the dreadful deed this Glory draws,
We kill'd the greateſt man that ever was.

The Scene draws, Enter Alexander *and all his Attendants.*

Alex. Search there, nay probe me, ſearch my wounded reins;
Pull, draw it out.

Lyſ.

Lyſ. We have ſearch'd, but find no hurt.
Alex. O I am ſhot, a forked burning Arrow
Stick croſs my ſhoulders, the ſad Venome flies
Like Lightning through my Fleſh, my blood, my Marrow.
Lyſ. This muſt be Treaſon.
Perd. Wou'd I cou'd but gueſs.
Alex. Ha! what a change of torments I endure?
A bolt of Ice runs hizzing through my bowels.
'Tis ſure the arm of Death, give me a Chair;
Cover me, for I freeze, my teeth chatter,
And my knees knock together.
Perd. Heaven bleſs the King!
Alex. Ha! who talks of Heaven?
I am all Hell, I burn, I burn again.
The War grows wondrous hot, hey for the *Tygris*;
Bear me, *Bucephalus*, amongſt the billows:
O 'tis a noble Beaſt! I would not change him
For the beſt Horſe the Sun has in his Stable:
For they are hot, their Mangers full of coals,
Their Mains are flakes of Lightning, curls of Fire,
And their red tayls like Meteors whisk about.
Lyſ. Help all, *Enmenes*, Help, I cannot hold him.
Alex. Ha, ha, ha, I ſhall dye with laughter.
Parmenio, *Clytus*, doſt thou ſee yon Fellow?
That ragged Souldier, that poor tatter'd *Greek*?
See how he puts to flight the gandy *Perſians*,
With nothing but a ruſty Helmet on, through which
The grizly briſtles of his puſhing beard
Drive 'em like Pikes.——Ha, ha, ha.
Perd. How wild he talks?
Lyſ. Yet warring in his wildneſs.
Alex. Sound, Sound, keep your Ranks cloſe, ay now they come:
O the brave dinn, the noble clank of Arms!
Charge, charge apace, and let the *Phalanx* move.
Darius come,——ha! let me in, none dare
To croſs my fury;——*Philotas* is unhors'd;——Ay, 'tis *Darius*
I ſee, I know him by the ſparkling Plumes,
And his Gold Chariot drawn by ten white Horſes:
But like a Tempeſt thus I pour upon him.——
He bleeds, with that laſt blow I brought him down;
He tumbles, take him, ſnatch the Imperial Crown.——
They fly, they fly,——follow, follow,——*Victoria*, *Victoria*,
Victoria,——O let me ſleep.
Perd. Let's raiſe him ſoftly, and bear him to his Bed.
Alex. Hold, the leaſt motion gives me ſudden death;
My vital Spirits are quite parch'd, burnt up,
And all my ſmoaky Entrails turn'd to Aſhes.

Lyſ.

Lyſ. When you the brighteſt Star that ever ſhone
Shall ſet, it muſt be Night with us for ever.
Alex. Let me embrace you all before I die:
Weep not, my dear Companions, the good Gods
Shall ſend you in my ſtead a nobler Prince,
One that ſhall lead you forth with matchleſs Conduct.
Lyſ. Break not our hearts with ſuch unkind Expreſſions.
Perd. We will not part with you, nor change for *Mars.*
Alex. Perdiccas, take this Ring,
And ſee me laid in the Temple of
Jupiter Ammon.
Lyſ. To whom does your Dread Majeſty bequeath
The Empire of the World?
Alex. To him that is moſt worthy.
Perd. When will you, ſacred Sir, that we ſhould give
To your great Memory thoſe Divine Honours,
Which ſuch exalted Virtue does deſerve?
Alex. When you are all moſt happy, and in Peace.
Your hands,——O Father, if I have diſcharg'd [*Riſes.*
The duty of a Man to Empire born;
If by unwearied Toyl I have deſerv'd
The vaſt renown of thy Adopted Son,
Accept this Soul, which thou didſt firſt inſpire;
And with this ſigh, thus gives thee back again. [*Dies.*
Lyſ. Eumenes, cover the fall'n Majeſty,
If there be Treaſon, let us find it out:
Lyſimachus ſtands forth to lead you on,
And ſwears by thoſe moſt honour'd dear Remains,
He will not taſte the Joys which Beauty brings,
'Till we revenge the Greateſt, Beſt of Kings.

FINIS.

EPILOGUE to *Alexander the Great.*

WHAT e're they mean, yet ought they to be curſt,
Who this Cenſorious Age did poliſh firſt:
Who the beſt Play, for one poor Errour blame,
As Prieſts againſt our Ladies Arts declaim,
And for one Patch, both Soul and Body damn.
But what does more provoke the Actors rage,
(For we muſt ſhow the grievance of the Stage)
Is, that our Women who adorn each Play,
Bred at our Coſt, become at length your Prey:

While

While green and sower, like Trees we bear 'em all,
But when they're mellow, straight to you they fall:
You watch 'em bare and squab, and let 'em rest,
But with the first young Down, you snatch the Nest.
Pray leave these poaching tricks, if you are wise,
E're we take out our Letters of Reprize.
For we have vow'd to find a sort of Toys
Known to black Fryars, a Tribe of chopping Boys:
If once they come, they'l quickly spoil your sport;
There's not one Lady will receive your Court:
But for the Youth in Petticoats run wild,
With oh the archest Wagg, the sweetest Child.
The panting Breast, white Hands and Lilly-Feet
No more shall your pall'd thoughts with pleasure meet.
The Woman in Boys Cloaths, all Boy shall be,
And never raise your thoughts above the Knee.
Well, if our Women knew how false you are,
They won'd stay here, and this new trouble spare:
Poor Souls, they think all Gospel you relate,
Charm'd with the noise of sett'ling an Estate:
But when at last your Appetites are full,
And the tir'd Cupid *grows, with action, dull;*
You'll find some trick to cut off the Entail,
And send 'em back to us all worn and stale.
Perhaps they'l find our Stage, while they have rang'd
To some vile canting Convemicle, chang'd:
Where, for the Sparks who once resorted there
With their curl'd Wigs that scented all the Air,
They'll see grave Blockheads with short greasie Hair.
Green-Aprons, steeple-Hats, and Collar-Bands;
Dull sniv'ling Rogues that wring, not clap their hands:
Where, for gay Punks that drew the shining Crowd,
And Misses that, in Vizard, laugh'd aloud;
They'll hear young Sisters sigh, see Matrons old,
To their chop'd Cheeks their pick'led Kerchers hold,
Whose Zeal too, might perswade, in spight to you,
Our flying Angels, to augment their Crew:
While Farringdon *their* Hero *struts about 'em,*
And ne're a damning Critick dares to flout 'em.

FINIS.

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